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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND
THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

Date of the first known edition, 1603

(British Museum. C 3. a. 19.)

Entered in Henslowe's Diary 1599

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Patient Grissill

BY

“HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND
THOMAS DEKKER”

1603

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLÉ, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

The original of this facsimile is, as stated, in the British Museum. Collier, in 1841, in the introduction to his reprint for the Shakespeare Society, said the play possessed "almost the rarity of a manuscript:" there was, he said, no copy in the British Museum; none at Cambridge; the only other public library that contained it was the Bodleian; the only private collection that of the Duke of Devonshire. Collier possessed an imperfect copy given him by the Duke. Notwithstanding this, the press-mark of the present B.M. copy shows that the book came to the Museum in the King's Library, "presented" by George IV. in 1823. Furthermore, the Roxburghe arms stamped on the covers and on the back of the title-page indicate that the book passed into the Royal Library at the sale of the 3rd Duke of Roxburghe's library in 1812. So, Collier was wrong; even as the departmental assistant of the B.M. is now wrong in allowing the statement to pass in the General Catalogue that "there appear to be only two copies extant.

Also, there is a note on one of the fly-leaves at the beginning: "The only copy extant. I.B. 1788." Below this is a pencilled note: "I have seen another Copy but it was imperfect. G. N." The identity of both "I.B." and "G.N." is unknown."

According to "Henslowe's Diary" the authors were "Chettle, Haughton and Dekker," for whose records see "The Dictionary of National Biography." The entry occurs under date of 19th December, 1599. It was entered on the Stationers' Registry for publication in the following March.

Across the title page is what purports to be the autograph of "William Shakespeare." Opposite the title-page appears in pencil the following note by the late Dr. Garnett:—"The signature on the title-page has been submitted to Mr. Bond, who pronounces it to be spurious, and adds that it strongly resembles those in the Ireland forgeries. R. G. Oct. 28, 1869."

A comparison of this facsimile with the original shows that the reproduction is (says Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) "altogether admirable, reproducing the varying degrees of clearness or faintness of the type with almost unfailing accuracy; and indicating, without exaggerating, the occasional yellow stains: e.g. Bi. recto, li. verso, lii. recto—are excellent facsimiles of difficult pages."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
PLEASANT
COMODIE OF
Patient Grisfill.

As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid
by the right honorable the Earle of Not-
tingham (Lord high Admirall) his
servants,

William

Shakespeare



LONDON.
Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to
be sold at the long shop vnder S. Mildreds
Church in the Poutry,

1603.





The pleasant Commœdye of Patient Grissill.

Enter the Marquesse, Paulia, Mario, Lepido, and hunters:
men: all like Hunters. A noyse of hornes within.

Marquesse.

Looke you so strang my hearts, to see our limbes
Thus suited in a Hunters liuery?
Oh tis a louely habite, when Greene youth
Like to the flowry blossome of the spring,
Conformes his outward habite to his minde,
Looke how yon one ey'd wagoner of heauen,
Hath by his horses fiery winged hofes,
Burst ope the melancholy Bayle of flight,
And with his gilt beanes cunning Alchimy,
Turn'd all these cloudes to gold, who (with the winds)
Upon their misty shoulders bring in day:
Then faily not this morning with soale lookes,
But teach your Iocund spirits to ply the Chase,
For hunting is a sport for Emperors.

Paul. We know it is, and therefore doe not throw
On these your pastimes, a contracted brow,
How swift youths Bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not vnknowne: no brother Quaker,

The pleasant Commodity

When you were woo'd by vs to chouse a wife;
This day you vowed to wed: but now I see,
Your promises turne all to mockerie.

Lepi. This day your self appointed to giue answer
To all those neighbour Princes, who in loue
Offer their Daughters, Sisters and Allies,
In marriage to your hand: yet for all this
The houre being come that calles you to your choyce
You stand prepar'd for sport and start aside:
To hunt poore deere when you should seek a Bride.

Marq. Stay come Mario your opinion too,
Had neede of ten men's wit that goes to woe.

Ma. First satisfie these Princes, who expect
Your gracious answer to their embassies,
Then may you freely reuell: now you flie
Both from your owne volues, & their amitie. (wife

Marq. How much your iudgments erre: who gets a
Must like a huntsman beate vntrodden pathes, &
To gaine the flying presence of his ioue.
Looke how the yelping beagles spend their mouthes
So Louers doe their sighes: and as the deare,
Out-strips the adriue hound, & oft turns backe
To note the angrie visage of her foe,
Who greedy to possesse so sweet a pray,
Neuer giues ouer till he ceaze on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who great with scorne
Shew the care-pined hearts, that sue to them
Yet on that feined slight, (Loue conquering them)
They cast an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would say, be not dismayd with frownes,
For though our tongues speake no: our hearts sound
Or if not so, before theile misse their louers, (yea,
Their sweet breathes shal perfume the Amorous ayre
And braue them still to run in beauties Chase:
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife: but be content,

of patient Grisfil.

So yo'ule ingage your faith by othe to vs,
Your willes shall answere mine, my liking yours,
And that no wrinkle on your cheekes shall ride,
This day the Parquette bowes to choose a byde.

Pa. Euen by my honoꝝ,

Marq. Brother be aduic'd,
The importunitie of you and these,
Thrusts my free thoughts into the yoke of loue,
To grone vnder the load of marriage,
Since then you throwe this burthen on my youth
I sweare to me whome soeuer my fancie choose,
Of what descent, beautie or birth she be,
Yet you shall like and loue as you loue me. (please,

Pa. Now by my birth I sweare, wed to whome you
And Ile embrace her with a brothers arme.

Lepi. Mario and my false to your faire choise,
Shall yeeld all duties and true reuerence.

Marq. Your protestations please me Jollie,
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
Of our swift foxes, Cittizens proclaime,
Defiance to their lightnes: our sports done,
The Censur that we kill shall feast our byde,
If she proue bad, ile cast all blame on you,
But if sweet peace succede this amorous strife,
Ile say my wit was best to choose a wife. Exeunt,

As they goe in, hernes sound & hollowing within: that
done, Enter Iaccolo, Grisfil, and Babulo, with two
baskets begun to be wrought.

Bab. Olde Paster heeres a morning able to make
vs worke tooth and naile (marrie then we must haue
victuals) the Sun hath plaid boe poy in the element
and time these two houres, as I doe some mornings
whf you cal: what Babulo say you: here Paster say I
and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse, he still:

The pleafant Commodity

What Babulo fayer Grifil, anone fay I, and then this eye looke vp, yet downe I fmg againe: What Babulo fay you againe, and then I ftart vp, and fee the Sunne, and then fneeze, and then fhake mine eares, and then rife, and then get my breakfast, and then fall to worke, and then wafh my hands, and by this time I am ready: heere's your bafket, and Grifil! heere's yours.

Ian. Fetch thine owne Babulo. lets ply our bufines.

Bab. God fend me good lucke Gaffer.

Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God forgive mee, I thinke I fhall not eate a pecke of falt: I fhall not liue long fure, I fhould be a rich man by right, for they neuer doe good deedes, but when they fee they muft dye, and I haue now a monstrous ftomacke to worke, becaufe I thinke I fhall not liue long.

Ian. Doe foole, ceafe this baine talke and fall to worke.

Bab. He hamper fome body if I dee, becaufe I am a bafket maker. Exie.

Ian. Come Grifill, worke fweet girle, heere the warme Sunne will fhine on vs,

And when his fires begin,
We'll cole our sweating browes in yonder fhade.

Gri. Father, me thinkes it doth not fit a maide,
By fitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes
To ftare vpon her: might it please your age,
I could be moze content to worke within.

Ian. Indeed my childe, mens eyes do now aduaice,
Quickly take fire at the leaft fpake of beauty,
And if thofe flames be quencht by chaff difdaine,
Then their inuicible tongues (alacke) doe ftrike,
To wound her fame whole beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts and worke within.

Ian. Thou needft not, in a painted coate goes fin,
And

Of patient Grisill.

And loue those that loue paide; none looks on thee,
 When keepe me companie: how much unlike
 Are thy desires to manie of thy sex:
 How manie wantons in Salina,
 Frolike like the fullen night, when their faire faces
 Are hid within doores: but get once abroad,
 Like the proud Sun they spread their staring beames,
 They shine out to be seene, their loose eyes tell,
 That in their bosomes wantonnes doe dwell:
 Thou canst not doe so Grisill, for thy Sun,
 Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a sparke of fire,
 Which hath no power t' inflame dotting desire:
 Thy filkes are thyd-bare russets: all thy portion
 Is but an honest name: that gon thou art dead,
 Though dead thou liu'st, that being vnblemished.

Gris. If to die free from shame be nere to die,
 Then Ile be crownd with immortallitie. (soule
 Ian. Pray God thou maist: yet childe my iealous
 Trembles through feares, so often as mine eyes
 Sees our Duke court thee: and when to thine eares
 He tunes sweet loue-songs: oh beware my Grisill
 He can prepare his way with gifts of golde,
 Upon his breath, winged Promotion flies
 Oh my deare Gidle trust not his sorceries,
 Did he not take the thiptwacke of thy fame:
 Whie should he send his tailors to take measure
 Of Grisills bodie: but as one should say,
 If thou wilt be the Marquesse concubine,
 Thou shalt weare rich attires: but they that thinke,
 With costly garments, sins blacke face to hide,
 Weare naked brauerie and ragged pride. (feares

Gris. God father doe not shake your age with
 Although the Marquesse sometimes visit vs,
 Yet all his words and deeces are like his birth,
 Sweet in true hono: but aunit they were not,
 Before my soule looke black with speckled sinne,

The pleasant Commodity

My hands shal make me pale deathes vnderling,
Jan. The musick of those words sweet mine eares
Come girl lets faster worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

Grif. Come Babulo why hast thou staid so long?

Ba. Say why are you so short, Masters heeres me:
me I tooke (since I went) for a cradle: this yeare I
thinke be leape yeare, for womf doe nothing but buy
crables, by my troth I thinke the world is at an end,
fo: as soone as we be bozne we marrie: as soone as we
marrie we get children, (by hooke o: by crooke gotten
they are) children must haue crables, and as soone as
they are in them, they hop out of the, fo: I haue seene
little girls that yesterdai had scarce a hand to make
them ready, the next day had wo:ne wedding rings
on their fingers, so that if the world doe not ende, we
shall not liue one by another: basket making as all o:
ther trades runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be
wo:th a button, fo: non in this cutting age soue true
stitches, but taylers and shoemakers, & yet now and
then they tread their shooes a wo:ie too.

Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so: sit downe to worke
And that our labour may not seeme to long,
Wee cunningly beguile it with a song.

Ba. Doe master fo: thats honest counsonage.

The Song.

Ing Art thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers:

Oh sweet content!

Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed?

Oh punishment:

Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed?

To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers.

O sweet content, o sweet &c.

Foot Work.

Of patient Grief.

Foole Worke apace, apace, apace, apace
Honest labour beares a lovely face,
Then hey nonny, nonny: hey nonny, nonny.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,
Of sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet suck'st in thine owne teares,
Of paineishment.
Then hee that patiently wants, burden beares,
No burden beares, but is a King, a King.
Of sweet content, &c.
Foole. Worke apace, apace, &c.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Deep master, yonder comes your Sonne
Ian. Laureo my Sonne: oh heauen let thy rich hand
Poure plentious showers of blessing on his head.
Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age,
Sister?

Gri. Deare brother Laureo welcome home.

Ba. Master Laureo (an iculaes sonne) welcome home,
how doe the nine muses, Pride, couetousnes, enuie, sloth,
Wrath, gluttonie and letcherie: you that are Schollers,
read how they doe.

Lau. Muses: these (foole) are the seauen deadly sins.

Ba. Are they: Was me thinkes its better seruing the,
then your nine muses, for they are starke beggers.

Ian. Often I haue wish't to see you heere,

Lau. It grieues me that you see me heere so soone.

Ian. Why Laureo dost thou griene to see thy father,
Dost thou scorn me for my pouertie.

Ba. He needes not, for he lookes like poore John him-
selfe, right to a necke of Gatten, is not that your com-
mons, & a Cue of breader?

Lau. Father I grieue my young yeares to your age,
Should adde more joy to we.

B.

Ian Why

The pleasant Commedy

Ian. Why some whats the matter?

Lau. That which to thinke on makes me desperate,
That haue charged my friends, and from my father
ould more then he could spare, I that haue liued,
These nine yeares at the Vniuersity,
Must now for this worlds deuil: this angel! of golde,
Haue all those daies and nights to beggerie sold,
Through want of money, what I want I must,
Who is more scorn'd then a poore scholler is?

Bab. Yes three things: Age, wisdom, & basest ma-

Gri. Brothers what meanes these words? hers

Lau. Ah I am mad.

To thinke how much a Scholler vndergoes,
And in th'ende reapes naught but pennurie.
Father I am inforced to leaue my booke,
Because the studie of my booke doth leaue me,
In the leane armes of lanch necessity.
Hauing no shelter (ah me) but to flie
Into the sanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade, follow basket-making, leaue
bookes and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace soles, welcome my sonne, though I am poore
My loue shall not be so: goe daughter Grissill,
Fetch water from the spring to seeth our fish,
Which yester day I caught: the cheare is meane,
But be content, when I haue sold these Baskets,
The monie shall be spent to bid thee welcome:
Grissill make hast, run and kindle fire, Exit. Grissill,

Ba. Goe Grissill Ile make fire, and scoure the kettle,
its a hard world when schollers eate fish vpon fleshy daies

Lau. Its not a shame for me that am a man, (Exit. Ba.
Say more, a scholler to endure such neede,
That I must pray on him, whome I should feede? (woe
Ian. Say grieue not Sonne, better haue felt worse, I
Come sit by me while I worke to get bread,
And Grissill spin vs yeaue to cloath our backs.

Then

Of patient Grissill.

Thou shalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule,
Then what shall we there want, nothing my sonne
For when we cease from worke euen in that while,
My song shall charme griefes eares and care beguile.

Enter Grissill running with a Pitcher.

Grif. Father as I was runaing to fetch water,
I saw the Marquesse with a gallant traine
Come riding towards vs, I see where they come.

Enter Marquesse, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, two Ladies and
some other attendants.

Mar. See where my Grissill, and her father is,
He thinks for beautie shining through those weedes,
Seemes like a bright starre in the sullen night.
How louely pouertie dwels on her backe,
Did but the proud world note her as I doe,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To cloth them in such poore habiliments,
Father good fortune euer blesse thine age.

Ian. All happines attend my gracious Lorde.

Marq. And what with you faire Paide?

Grif. That your high thoughts.

To your contentment may be satisfied.

Mar. Thou wouldst wish soe, knowst thou for what I
Brother of Pauia beholde this virgin, (come
Mario Lepido is she not faire?

Pa. Brother I haue not seene so meane a creature,
So full of beautie.

Mar. Where but Grissills birth,
As worthie as her forme, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatest state.

Lau. Oh blindness, so that men may beautie finde,
They nere respect the beauties of the minde,

The pleasant Commodity

Mar. Father Ianicola whats her that speaks

Ian. A poore despised scholler and my Sonne.

Mar. This is no time to holde dispute with schollers
Tell me in faith olde man what he thou thinke,
Because the Marquesse visits thee to oft?

Ian. The will of Princes subiects must not serch,
Let it suffice, your grace is welcome hither.

Marq. And ile requite that welcome if I live,
Grissill suppose a man should loue you dearely,
As I know some that doe, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like.

Gri. None is so fond to fancie pouertie.

Mar. I say there is: come Lords stand by my side,
Pay brother you are sped and haue a wife,
Then giue vs leaue that are all Watchelers,
Now Grissill, eye vs well and giue your verdicts,
Which of vs thre you holde the properst man,

Gri. I haue no skill to iudge proportions.

Marq. Pay then you iest, women haue eagles eyes,
To pierce euen to the heart, and why not you?
Come, we stand fairely, freely speake your minde,
For by my birth, he whom thy choice shall blesse,
Shall be thy husband.

Mar. What intends your grace?

Lepi. By Lord I haue vowed to leade a single life,

Marq. A single life? this cunning cannot serue,
Doe not I know you loue her I haue heard?
Your passions spent for her your sighes for her,
Mario to the wonder of her beautie,
Compiled a Sonnet.

Mar. I my Lord write sonnets?

Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,
That you might haue his daughter to his wile.

Lepi. To anie one I willingly resigne,
All interest in her, which doth looke like mine,

Mar. My Lord I sweare she nere shall be my byde,

Of patient Grisill.

I hope sheele sweare so too being thus demide,

Marq. Both of you turn'd Apottacae in loue,
Say then Ile play the cyper: once, twice, thrice,
Speake or shee's gone els no, since twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet shee's for me.

Pau. What meane you Brother?

Marq. Faith no more but this:

By loues most wondrous Metamorphosis,
To turne this Haide into your Bro:ers wife,
Say sweet heart looke not strange I doe: or tell,
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,
Quaker protests he loues thee with his heart,

Lau. The admiration of such happines,
Shakes me astonisht.

Gris. Oh my gracious Lord,
Humble not your high state to my lowe birth,
Whome not worthy to be held your slaue,
Such lesse your wife.

Marq. Grisill that shall suffice,
I count thee worthie: olde I nicola,
Art thou content that I shall be thy Sonne?

Ian. I am vnworthy of so great a good.

Marq. Tush tush talk not of worth, in honest tearmes
Tell me if I shall haue her: for by heauen
Vnlesse your free consent aloe my choice,
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
Whats thy Sonnes name?

Ian. Laureo my gracious Lord.

Marq. Ile haue both your consents: I tell ye Lords,
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,
Haue I bin glad to steale from all your eyes,
To come disguis'd to her: I sweare to you,
Beautie first made me loue, and vertue woe,
I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
What vertues were intempled in her brest,
My chaff hart swoore that she should be my bride

The pleasant Commodity

Say father, must I be forsworne or noe?

Ian. What to my Lord saimes best to me saimes so

Marq. Laureo whats your opinion?

Lau. Thus my Lord.

If equall thoughts durst both your states conferte,

Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her,

Marq. What saies faire Grissill now?

Grif. This doth she say,

As her olde father yeeldes to your dread will,

So she her fathers pleasure must fulfill.

If olde Ianicola make Grissill yours,

Grissill must not deny, yet had she rather,

Be the poore Daughter still of her poore father.

Marq. Ile gild that pouertie and make it shine,

With beames of dignitie: this base attie,

These Ladies shal teare of, and decke thy beautie

In robes of honour, that the world may say,

Virtue and beautie was my bride to day.

Mar. This meane choice, will distaine your noblenes

Marq. No more Mario then it doth disgrace

The Sunne to shine on me.

Lep. Shee's poore and base.

Marq. Shee's rich: for vertue beautifies her face.

Pau. What will y^e world say when the trump of fame
Shall sound your high birth with a beggers name?

Marq. The world still lookes a squint, & I deride
His purblind iudgement; Grissill is my Bride,
Ianicola, and Laureo: father, brother,
You and your Son grac'd with our royall fauour,
Shall liue to outliue time in happines.

Enter Babulo.

Ba. Passer I haue made a good fire: sithe Grissill, the

Ian. Fall on thy knees thou seple: six heeres our duke

Ba. I haue not offended him, therefore Ile not duche
and

of patient Grisill.

and he were ten Dukes.

He kneele to none but God and my Prince.

Lau. This is thy Prince, be silent Babulo.

Bab. Silence is a vertue, mario tis a dumbe vertue:
I loue vertue that speakes, and has a long tongue like a
helweather, to leade other vertues after: if he be a Prince,
I haue her is not Prince ouer my tongue, chailes, where-
fore come all these: Master heares not fish enough for vs,
Sirha Grisill the fire burnes out.

Marq. Tell me my loue what pleasant fellow is this?

Gris. My aged fathers seruant my gracious Lord.

Bab. How, my loue: master a worde to y^e wise, scilicet
me my loue. Marq. Whats his name,

Bab. Babulo Sir is my name.

Marq. Why dost thou tremble so: we are al thy friends

Bab. Its hard sir for this motley Jerkin, to find friends
ship with this fine doublet.

Marq. Ianico la bring him to Court with thee.

Bab. You may be asham'd to lay such knauish burden
vpon olde ages shoulders: but I see they are stooping a
little, all erie downe with him: We shall not bring me sir,
ile carrie my selfe.

Marq. I pray thee doe, Ile haue thee line at court,

Ba. I haue a better trade sir, basketmaking,

Marq. Grisill I like thy mans simplicitie,

Still shall he be thy seruant Babulo,

Grisill thy mistresse, now shall be my wife.

Bab. I thinke sir I am a fitter husband for her.

Marq. Why shouldst thou think, I wil make her rich

Bab. Whats al one sir, beggers are fit for beggers, gentle-
folkes for gentlefolkes: I am afraid y^e this wöder of y^e rich
leaving y^e pooe, wil last but nine daies: old M^{rs} bid this mer-
rie gentlemā home to dinner, you shal haue a good dish of
fish sir: thank him for his good wil to your daughter Grisill
for ile be hāge if he be not (as many rich cogging marchāts)
now a daies doe when they haue got what they would.

gus

The pleasant Ceinmody

giue her the belles, let her flye.

Gri. Oh beare my Lord with his intemperate tongue

Marq. Grissill I take delight to heare him talke.

Bab. I, I, y'oure best take mee vp for your soole: are not you he, that came speaking so: to Grissill here, doe you remember how I knockt you once for offering to haue a like at her lips.

Marq. I doe remember it and for thy paines,
A golden recompence ile giue to thee.

Bab. Why doe, and ile knock you as often as you list.

Marq. Grissill this merrie fellow shall be mine,
But we forget our selues, the daie growes olde.
Come Lords cheare vp your lookes & with faire smiles,
Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,
When all commaunding loue your hearts subdue,
The Marquesse may performe as much for you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Farneze, Vreenze, and Rice meeting them running.

Far. Rice how now man: whether art y gallopping?

Ric. Faith euen to finde a full maunger: my teeth wa-
ter till I hemmouching, I haue bin at the Cutlers, to bid
him bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling
home thus fast, for feare I am driuen to fast.

Vrc. But Sirha Rice, when's the day? will not thy
master Sir Owen and Signior Emulo fight?

Ric. No, for Signior Emulo has warn'd my Master to
the court of Conscience, and theres an order set downe,
that the coward shall pay my Master good wo:ds weeke-
lie, till the debt of his choller be runne out.

Far. Excellent, but did not Emulo write a challenge to
Sir Owen.

Ric. No, we sent a terrible one, but hee gaue a sereton
of a Church a groate to write it, and hee set his mark e to
it,

Of patient Grisill.

it, for the gull can neither write nor reade.

Ric. Ha ha, not write and reade: why I haue saene him pul out a bundle of sonnets written, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got the by heart Vncenze, & so deceiu'd the poore soules: as a gallant whome I know, cozens others: for my byrlike spangled babie wil come into a Stationers shop, call for a stoole and a cushion, and then asking for some grecke Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles God knowes what, but Ile be swoorne he knowes not so much as one Character of the tongue.

Ric. Why then its grecke to him.

Far. Ha, ha, Emulo not write and read:

Ric. Not a letter and you would hang him.

Vrc. Then heele neuer be saued by his book.

Ric. Not nor by his good woorkes, for heele doe none. Signioys both, I commend you to the skies, I commit you to God, adieu.

Far. Pay sweet Rice a little more,

Ric. A little more will make me a great deale lesse, house keeping you know is out of fashion: vnlesse I ride post, I kisse the post: in a worde ile tell you all, challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen haue man, farewell, dinner, hungry: little cheare, great great stomacke, meate meat, meate, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue. Exit.

Vrc. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike keeps a leane Kitchin.

Far. What els man, thats one of the miserable vovues he makes when hee's dubb: yet he doth but as manie of his brother knights doe, keepe an ordinarie table for him and his long coate follow er.

Vrc. That long coate makes the master a little king, for whersoever his piece of a souldier comes hopping after him, hees sure of a double garde.

Far. Ile set some of the Pages vpon thy skirts for this

Vrc. I shall feele them no more then so many fleas, therefore

The pleasant Commodity

therefore I care not: but Earneze youle proue a most accomplished corecombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this yonker is right T rimidado pure lease Tobacco, for indeed hee's nothing purffe, roke, and would be tried (not by God and his countrie) but by fire, the verie soule of his substance and needes would conuert into smoke.

Vrc. Hee's Steele to the backe you see, for he writes Challenges.

Far. True, and Iron to the head, oh theres a rich lea- ven mincral amongst his braines, if his skull were well digd, Sirha Vrcence, this is one of those changeable Silke gallants, who in a verie scurvie pyd, scozne aischol- lers, and reads no booke but a looking glasse, and speake no language but sweet Lady, and sweet Signiar and cheln between their tæth terrible words, as though they would coniure, as complement and Poyets, and fastidious, & Caprichious, and Dispyzian, and the Sintheresis, of the soule, and such like raise beluet tearines.

Vrc. What be the accountemts now of these gallants?

Far. Indeed thats one of their fustia outlādish phrases to, marrie fir their accountemts, are al y fatasticke fasti- ons, y can be taken bp, either bpō trust or at second hand.

Vrc. Whats their qualities?

Far. Done good, these are the best: to make good fa- ces: to take Tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a wayting Gentlewoman, to lie well, to blush for nothing, to looke big vpon little scilowes, to scoffe with a grace, though they hane a verie filthy grace in scoffing, and for a neede to ride prettie and well.

Vrc. They cannot choose but ride well, because cuerie good wit rides them.

Far. Here's the difference, that they ride vpon horses, and when they are riduen they are spur'd for asses, so they can crie wighee and hollow kicking lade, they care not if they hane no more learning then a Jade.

Enter

Of patient Grisfill.

Enter Emuloes Sir Owen talking, Rice after them
eating secretly.

Vrc. No more of these Rabish tricks: heere comes the
hobbie boyse.

Far. Oh he would daunce a morrice rarely if hee were
hung with belles. Vrc. He would iangle vilanously.

Far. Peace lets incounter them.

S. O. By Cod Sir Emuloes, sir Owen is clad out aerie
becaus his friends with her, for Sir Owen sweare, did her
not sweare Rice? Ric. Yes forsooth. Spit out his meate.

S. Ow. By Cod is sweare terrible to knog her pade,
and sling her spingle legs at plum trees, when her come to
fall to her tagger and fencing trigs, yes faith and to breag
her spins did her not Rice? Ric. Yes by my troth Sir.

S. Ow. By Cods bodge me is all true, and to giue her
a great teare of blouddie nose, because Sir Emuloes you
shailenge the prittish Knight, Rice you knowe Sir Owen
gentleman first, and secondly knight, what apor ale you
Rice, is shoke now? (mar.

Ric. No sir I haue my five senses and am as wel as any

S. O. Well here is hand, now is mighty frienos.

Emu. Sir Owen

Far. Now the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my condole-
ment, hath bin eleuated the higher to see you and my selfe,
two gentlemen.

S. Ow. Nay tis well knowne Sir Owen is good then-
tlemen, is not Rice? (words.

Ric. He that shall deny it Sir ile make him cate his

Emu. Good friend I am not in the Negatiue, bec not
so Tappichious, you misprize me, my collocation teedeth to
S. Owens digniffing.

Fra. Lets step in, God saue you Singnior Emulo.

Vrc. Well encountred S. Owen.

S. O. Alwe, how do you S. Em. is frends out a cry now
but

The pleasant Commodity

but Emuloes take heede, you match no more lone frigs to
widdow Gwenchyan, by God vudge me, that doe so must
knoge her, see you now?

Em. Not so tempestious swart knight: though to my
disconsolation, I will oblivionize my loue to the welch
widdowe, and doe herte proclaime my delinquishment,
but sweet Signior be not so Diogenicall to me,

Sir O. Ya ha is kno wenot what genicalls meane, but
Sir Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling
Gwenchyan.

Far. Pay faith weele haue you found friends indeede,
otherwise you know, Signior Emulo, if you should beare
all the wrongs, you would be our Achlalled.

Emu. Most true.

Sir O. By god is out a cris friends, but harg Farneze,
Vrcenze twag a great teale to Emuloes: Ow. is great teale
of friends: ha ha is tell fine admirable sheff, by God Emu-
loes, for feare S. Owen, knog her shines, is tell, Sir Owen
by tozen thenstlemen her poets is put about with lathes,
ha, ha, serge her serge her.

Fa. No more tell Vrcenze of it: why should you two
fall out for the loue of a woman, considering what store
we haue of them? Sir Emulo I gratulate your peace,
your company you know is precious to vs, and weele bec
merrie, and ride abroad: before god now I talke of riding,
Sir Owen me thinkes has an excellent boote.

Vrc. His leg graces the boote.

S. Ow. By God is fine leg and fine poote to: but Emu-
las leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cordwainer, &
they are the most incongruent that ere I ware.

S. Own. Congruent? sploud what leather is congru-
ent, spanish leather?

Emu. Ya ha, well Gentlemen I haue other projects
becken for me, I must disgresse from this bias, and leaue
you: accept I beseech you of this vulgar and domestick
complement.

of patient Grisfill,
complement.

Whilst they are saluting, Sir Owen gets to Emuloes leg and
puls downe his Boote,

Sir. O. Pray Emuloes let her see her congruence leather
ha ha, owe what a por is heere: ha, ha is mag a wall to
her shins, for keeb her warme?

Fa. Whats heer lathes? where's the lime & hair Emulo,

Ric. Oh rare, is this to saue his shins?

S. Ow. Ha, ha, Rice goe call Gwenthyan,

Ric. I will master dahoma, Gwenthyan dahoma?

S. Ow. A pogs on her goe sedge her and call her within

Ric. I am gone sir.

Exit Rice,

Fa. Pray sir Owen what meane you?

S. Ow. By Cod is meane ta let gwenthyan see what
hobie foole loue her, apogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen and Signiors both, doe not expatiate
my obloquie, my loue shall bee so fast conglutinated to
you,

S. Ow. Cods plud, you call her gluttons, Gwenthyan,
so ho Gwenthyan?

Emu. He not digest this pill, Signiors adieu.

You are Fastidious and I banish you.

Exit Emulo,

Enter Gwenthyan.

Fa. Gods so, heere comes the widdow, but in faith Sir
Owen say nothing of this.

S. Ow. Ho goe to the, by Cod Sir Owen heare as prauce
minde as Enpreour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenthyan so great teale of time?

Vrc. Sweet widdow euen your countrieman heere.

S. Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho, Mandag
eny Mou du ac whellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen gramarrye whee; Gwenthyan Mandage

The pleasant Commodity
eny, ac wellock en Thawen en ryn mogh.

Far Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow gabble
that we may vnderstand you, and haue at you.

S.Ow. Haue at her : nay by God is no haue at her to,
Is talwe in her prittish tongue, for tis fine delicates
tongue, I can tell her. welthe tongue is finer as grecke
tongue.

Far A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

S.Ow. But what saies Gwenthyan now? Will haue
Sir Owen, Sir Owen is knowne for a wiselie man,
as any since Adam and Eues time, and that is by Gods
vodge me a great scale agoe.

Vre. I thinke Salomon was wiser then Sir Owen.

S.Ow. Salomons had prettie wit: but what say you to
King Taue: King Taue is well knowne was as good
munitions, as the pest sidler in aul Italie, and King Taue
was Sir Owens countrieman, yet truely a prettish Gen-
tlemen yorne, and did twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, out
a erie upon welsh-harpe, and tis knowne Taue loue Shif-
tris Persabe, as Sir Owen loues Gwen hyan: Will her
haue Sir Owen now?

Far faith widdow take him, Sir owen is a tall
man I can tell you.

S.Ow. Tall man, as God vnde mee, her thinke
the prittish Gentelman, is saliant as Mars that is the
fine knaues, the poets say the God of priblesz prables,
I hope widdows you see little more in Sir owen then
in Sir Emuloes, say shal her haue her now, tis saliant, as
can desire, I warrant her.

Gw. Sir owen, Sir owen, tis not for saliant, Gwen-
thyan care so much, but for honest and fertuous, and lo-
uing and pundall to leade her haue her will.

S.Owe. God vodge mee, sage her away to her hus-
band, and is led her haue her will ow a erie, yet by God
is pridle her well enoughe.

Gw. Well S.owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cozen
Glualther

Of patient Grisill.

Gualther the Duke, for you knowe is her neere rozen by marriage, by his husband that pring her from Wales.

ow. By God Wales is better countrie then itales, a great teale so better.

Gw. Now if her rozen Gualther say Gwenthyan take the piritish knight, shall loue her diggon: but must haue her good will: marg your thad Sir owen.

ow. Owe whats else: Sir owen marg yt ferreshoel, yet shall take her downe quiglic inough. come withdoine will wag to the colward, now to her rozen, and bid her rozen tell her minde of Sir owen.

Gw. Poule mar Gwenthyan Sir owen?

ow. Yes by God and prauely so, come Shentlemans you le tag paines to goe with her?

Far. Weele foliow you presently Sir owen.

S.ow. Come withdoine: Vn loddis Glane Gwethy a mondu

Gw. Gramercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh. Exeunt.

Far. So this wil be rare: Sirrah Vrcenze, at the marriage night of these two, inserue of Jo Hyemen, we shall heere hee ho Hiemen, their loue will bee like a great fire made of bay leaues, that yeeldes nothing but crackling noise, noise.

(king,

Vrc. If the misse his crowne tis no matter for crack,

Far. So the soader it againe, it will passe currant,

Enter Onophrio and Iulia walking ouer the Stage.

Vrc. Peace heere comes our faire mistress.

Far. Lets haue a sting at her.

Vrc. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel Farneze you atted wel vpo your mistress,

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages shall be of the same colour that their seruice is of.

Far. Faith mistress would you had tranelled a litle sooner this way, you should haue scene a rare comedy acted by Emulo,

Vrc. Cuertis

The pleasant Commodity

Vrc. Euerie courteous mouth will be a stage for that,
 whether tell her of the welch tragedie that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie?

Far. Sir Owen shall marrie your couzen Gwenthyan,

Iul. If possible: oh they two will beget haue wacri-
 ours: for if she scold heele fight, and if he quarrell sheele
 take vp the bucklers: shee's fire and hee's brynnstone, must
 not there be hot doings then thinke you?

On. Theyle pzooue Turtles, for their hearts being so
 like, they cannot choose but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles: Turkie rocks, for Gods louelets intreate
 the Duke my brother, to make a lawe, that wherefoe-
 uer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the next neighbour
 may allwaies be Constable, least the peace bee broken, for
 theyle doe nothing but cryearme, arme, arme.

Far. I thinke sir Owen would die rather then lose her

Iul. So thinke not I. (loue

On. I should for Iulia, if I were Iulies husband.

Iul. Therefore Iulia shal not be Onophries wife, for Ile
 haue none die for me.

I like not that colour.

Far. Yes for your loue you would Iulia.

Iul. No: not yet for my hate Farneze.

Vrc. Would you not haue men loue you sweet mistress?

Iul. No not I, fye vpon it sweet seruant.

On. Would you wish men to hate you?

Iul. Yes rather then loue me, of al saints I loue not to
 serue mistress Venus.

Far. Then I preciue you meane to leade apes in hell.

Iul. That spitefull pzoerbe was proclaim'd against
 them that are marryed vpon earth, for to be married is to
 liue in a kinde of hell.

Far. As they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen
 wedlocke, your Iacke an Apes clog, therefore ile not bee
 tyed too, t: Halster Farneze, sweet virginittie is that
 inuisible

Of patient Grisill.

inuisible God-head that turns into Angells, that makes vs saints on earth and starres in heauen: heere Virgins seeme goodly, but there glorious: In heauen is no wooing yet all there are louely: in heauen are no weddings yet all there are louers.

On. Let vs sweet Padame turne earth into heauen, by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe to an earthly heauen we turne it.

On. Nay but deare Iulia, tel vs why so much you hate, to enter into the lists of this same combat Partimonie?

Iul. You may well call that a combat, for indeede marriage is nothing else, but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable terrible warre: but you erre Onophrio in thinking I hate it I deale by marriage as some Indians doe the Sunne, adore it, and reuerence it, but dare not stare on it, for feare I be starke blinde: you thre are batchellers, and being sicke of this maiden-head, count al thinges bitter, which the phisicke of a single life minnisters vnto you: you imagine if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen: oh but Batchilers take heede, you are no sooner in that heauen, but you strait slip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me, I care not.

Vrc. For I the sweetnes of her lookes shall make me cellish any punnishment.

On. Except the punnishment of the hoine Vrcenze, put that in.

Iul. Nay hee were best put that by: Lord, Lord, see what vnthrifts this loue makes vs: if he once but get into our mouthes, hee labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in, at Cupids Church when we were better to bite off our tongues, so we may thrust him out, Cupid is swozne enemy to time, & he that losseth time I can tell you losseth a friend.

The pleasant Commedy

Far. I, a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore my good seruants is, you weare my li-
uerie, cast of this loose vpper coate of loue : bee athambe
to waite vppon a boy, a wag, a blinde boy, a wanton :
My brother the Duke wants one companies, tis Ido-
lites and loue, makes you captaines to this solitarines, fol-
lowe me & loue not, & ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey to follow you, but not to loue you, no re-
nounce that obedience.

Exeunt

Enter the Marquesse and Furio,

Marq. Furio.

Fur. My Lord.

Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tride, thy faith I credite
For I haue found it sollid as the rocke:
No babbling echoes sits vpon thy lips,
For silence euen in speech, doth scale them by,
Wilt thou be trustie Furio to thy Lord?

Fur. I will.

Marq. It is enough, those words I will,
Peelds sweeter musike then the gilded sounds,
Which chatting parrats long tounge d scrophants,
Send from the organs of their siren voice,
Grissill my wife thou seest beare in her wombe,
The ioy of marriage: Furio I protest,
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,
Her loue to mee as beautie to the Sunne,
(Inseperable adiuncts) in one word,
So dearely loue I Grissill, that my life
Shall end, when she doth end to be my wife.

Fur. tis well done.

Marq. Yet is my bosome burnt by with desires,
To trie my Grissill, patience, Ile put on
A wrinkled forehead, and turne both mine eyes,
Into two balles of fire, and claspe my hand

like

Of patient Grisfill.

Like to a mace of Iron, to threaten death,
But Furio when that hand lifts vp to strike,
It shall lie open to embrace my loue,
Yet Grisfill must not knowe this: all my words,
Shall smack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall,
My tongue shall lare, my hart be muscical,
Yet Grisfill must not knowe this:

Enter Grisfill.

Fur. Not for me,

Marq. Furio My trial is thy secretie,
Ponder she comes: on goes this maske of frownes,
Tell her I am angrie: men men trie your wiues,
Loue that abides sharpe tempests, sweetely thriues.

Fur. My Lorde is angry.

Gris. Angrie? He heauens suspected: with who: for what?
Is it with mee?

Fur. Not me.

Gris. Nay I presume,
To touch the vaine of that sad discontent,
Which swels vpon my deare Lords angrie browe:

Marq. Away away,

Gris. Oh hide me not away,
Your handmaide Grisfill with vnuered thoughts,
And with an vnceping soule, will beare
The burden of all sorowes, of all woe,
Before the smallest grieue should wound you so.

Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this,
Woman I loue thee not, thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of Basiliskes, they murder me.

Gris. Suffer me to part hence, Ile teare them out,
Because they worke such treason to my loue.

Marq. Walke not of loue I hate thee more the paylor
That tickles vpon the aires in fead winges,
Ghalds vp by the hot breath of the Sunne,

The pleasant Comedie

'Tis for thy sake that speckled infamie,
 Sits like a screech-owle on my honoured brest,
 To make my subjects stare and mocke at mee,
 They sweare theyle neuer bend their awfull knees,
 To the base issue of thy begger wombe;
 'Tis for thy sake they curse me, raile at me,
 Thinkst thou then I can loue thee (oh my soule)
 Why didst thou builde this mountaine of my shame,
 Why lye my toyes buried in Grissills name?

Gri. Oh gracious Lord.

Marq. Call not me gracious Lord,
 See woman heere hangs by thine auncestrie,
 The monuments of thy nobilitie,
 This is thy russet gentrie, coate, and crest
 Thy earthen honors I will neuer hide,
 Because this hyde shall pull in thy pride.

Gris. Woee Grissill is not proud of these attires,
 They are to me but as your liuerie,
 And from your humble seruant when you please,
 You may take all this outside, which indeede
 Is none of Grissills, her best wealth is neede,
 Ile cast this gaynesse of, and be content
 To weare this russet brauerie of my owne,
 For thats more warme then this, I shall looke olde,
 No sooner in course freeze then cloth of golde.

Marq. Spite of my soule sheele triumph ouer mee.

Fur. Pour gloue my Lord,

Marq. Cast downe my gloue againe,
 Stoope you for it, for I will haue you stoope,
 And kneele euen to the meanest groomie I keepe.

Gris. 'Tis but my duetie if youle haue me stoope,
 Euen to your meanest groomie my Lord ile stoope.

Marq. Furio how shouenly thou goest astid?

Fur. Why so my lord?

Marq. Looke heere thy shooes are both vntide,
 Grissill kneele you and tye them.

Fur. Pardon

Of patient Grisfill.

Fur. Pardon me.

Marq. Dutckely I charge you,

Gris. Friend you doe me wrong,

To let me holde my Lord in wrath so long,

Stand still Ile kneele and tye them: what I doe

Furio tis done to him and not to you. Tye them.

Fur. Tis so.

Marq. Oh strange oh admirall patience,

I feare when Grisfills bones sleepe in her graue,

The world a second Grisfill nere will haue,

Now get you in.

Gris. I goe my gracious Lord.

Exie

Marq. Didst thou not here her sigh, did not one frowne
Contract her beautilous forehead.

Fur. I saw none

Marq. Did not one drop fall downe from sorrowes eies,

To blame my heart for these her iniuries?

Fur. Faith not a drop, I feare sheele frowne on mee,
For doing mee seruice?

Marq. Furio that ile tye,

My voice may yet ope take her: Grisfill, Grisfill:

Enter Grisfill.

Fur. She comes at first call.

Gris. Did my Lorde call?

Marq. Woman I cald thee not,

I said this slave was like to Grisfill, Grisfill,

And must you therefore come to torture mee?

May stay here's a companion fit for you,

Thou berest me, so doth this villaine to,

But ere the Sun to his highest throne ascend,

My indignation in his death shall end.

Fur. Oh pardon him my Lord, for mercies wings

Bates round about the world the same of Kings,

Temper your wrath I beg it on my knee,

Forgiue

The pleasant Commodity

Forgiue his fault though youle not pardon me,

Marq. Thanke her.

Fu. Thankes Madam.

Marq. I haue not true power,
To wound thee with deniall, oh my Grissill,
How dearely should I loue thee,
Pea die to doe thee good, but that my subiects
T'p'paid me with thy birth, and call it base,
And grieue to see thy father and thy Brother
Heau' be by to dignities.

Grif. Oh cast them downe,
And send poore Grissill poorely home againe,
High Cedars fall, when lowe shrubs safe remaine. Exit

Enter at the same doore Mario and Lepido.

Mari. Fetch me a cup of wine.

Enr. Shes a saint sure.

Marq. Oh Furio now Ile boast that I haue found,
An Angell vpon earth: she shal be crownd
The emperesse of all women. Lepido?
Mario? what was she that passed by you?

Both. Your vertuous wife.

Marq. Call her not vertuous,
For I abhorre her, did not her swolne eyes
Looke red with hate or frowne did she not curse
My name or Furius name?

Mari. No my deare Lord.

Marq. For he and I raild at her, spit at her,
He burst her heart with scornes: for I grieue
To see you grieue that I haue wrong'd my state,
By louing one whose balences now I hate.

Enter Grissill with wine.

Come faster if you can forbear Mario,
Tis but her offence: what she does to me,
She shall performe to any of you three,

He drinke
Lep. I

of patient Grisfill.

Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled downe

Marq. I will seeke Mario, then serue Lepido:

And as you bowe to me, so bend to them.

Gris. He not deni't to win a diadme.

Mari. Your wisdoms I commend that haue y^e power
To raise or throw downe as you smile or lower.

Gris. Your patience I commend that can abide,
To heare a flatterer speake yet neuer chide.

Marq. Hence, hence dare you controule the whom I
Come not within my sight. (grace)

Gris. I will obey,
And if you please, nere more beholde the day. Exit,

Marq. Finio?

Fur. My Lorde,

Marq. Watch her where she goes,
And marke how in her lookes this tryall shewes.

Fur. I will. Exit.

Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Grisfill,
As sicke men loath the bitterest potion
Which the Physitions hand holdes out to them,
For Gods sake frowne vpon her when she smiles,
For Gods sake smile for ioy to see her frowne,
For Gods sake scorne her, call her beggers brat,
To ment her with your lookes, your words your dares,
My heart shall leape for ioy, that her heart bleedes,
Willst thou doe this Mario?

Mari. If you say.

Mario, doe this I must in it obey.

Marq. I know you must, so Lepido must you
Diswell; but counsell me whats best to doe,
How shall I please my subiects? doe but speake,
He doe it though Grisfills heart in sunder break.

Lepi. Your subiects doe repine at nothing more,
Then to beholde Ianicola her Father,
And her base brother lifted vp so high.

Mari. To banish them from Court were pollicie.

Marq. Oh

The pleasant Commodity

Marq. Oh rare, oh profound wisdom, deare Mario,
It forthwith shall be done, they shall not stay,
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes sway, Exie
Lep. Mario laugh at this.

Ma. Why so I doe.

Wedlong I had rather fall to miserie.
Then see a begger rais'd to dignitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Babulo singing with a boy
after him.

Bab. Boy how fits my rapier : la sol la sol, &c.

Boy. It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.

Bab. Some of them deserue to hang vpon a beame
for that euennes, boy learne to giue euery man his due,
giue the hangman his due, for hee's a necessary member.

Boy. Thats true, for he cuts of manie wicked members.

Bab. Hees an excellent barber, he shaues most cleanly
But page how dost thou like the Court?

Boy. Prettie and so,

Bab. Faith so doe I prettie and so : I am wearie of
being a Courtiour Boy.

Boy. That you cannot bee Master, for you are but a
Courtiers man.

Bab. Thou saist true & thou art the Courtiers mans
boy, so thou art a courtier in decimo sexto in the least
volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by re-
uerfion, or a courtier thre descents remoued, or a courti-
er in minoritie or an vnder Courtier or a courtier in
posse, and I thie Master in esse:

Boy. A posse an esse non este argumentum Master,

Bab. Thou hast too much wit to be so little, but imita-
tion, imitation, is his good Word and Master.

Enter Ianicola Laureo and Furio.

Iani. Banishet

Of patient Grissill.

Ian. Banisht from Court, oh what haue wee mis-
done?

Lau. What haue wee done, wee must bee thus dis-
graced?

Fu. I know not, but you are best packe, tis my Lords
will, and thats law, I must vncase you: your best course
is to fall to your owne trades.

Ba. Sirra, what art thou a Broker?

Fu. No, hoie then, I am a Gentleman.

Ba. Th'art a Jewe, th'art a Bagan: hoie darst thou
leauethem without a cloke for the raine, whē his daugh-
ter, and his sister, and my Mistris is the Kings wife?

Fu. Goe looke sirra foole, my condition is to ship you
too.

Bab. There's a ship of fooles ready to heyst sayle, they
stay but for a good winde and your company: ha ha ha,
I wonder (if all fooles were banisht) where thou wouldst
take shipping.

Ian. Peace Babulo, we are banisht from the Court.

Bab. I am glad, it shall ease me of a charge here, as
long as we haue good cloathes on our backs, tis no mat-
ter for our honesty, we'll liue any where, and keep Court
in any corner.

Enter Grissill.

Ian. Oh my deere Grissill.

Gri. You from me are banisht,
But ere you leaueth the Court, oh leaueth I pray
Your griefe in Grissills bosome, let my cheekes
Be watered with woos teares, for here and here,
And in the eery of these wandring eyes,
Began your discontent: had not I been,
By nature painted thus: this had not been,
To leaueth the Court and care be patient,
In your olde cottage you shall finde content.
Dourne not because these filkes are tane away,

C

Poule

The pleasant Commodity

Thou'lt seeme more rich in a course gowne of gray,

Fur. Will you be packing: when?

Lau. Friend whats thy name?

Fur. Forio my name is, what of that?

Bab. Is thy name Iurie: thou art halfe hang'd, for
thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy looks are like thy name. thy name & looks
Approoue thy nature to be violent.

Gril. Brother forbeare, hee's seruant to my Lord.

Ba. To him, O. spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are neuer pleas'd with subiects finnes,
But pittie those whom they are sworne to smite,
And grieue as tender mothers when they beate,
With kinde correction their vnquiet babes-
So should their Officers compassionate,
The misery of any wretches state.

Fur. I must obey my Master, though indeed
My heart (that seemes hard) at their wrongs doth bleed:
Pray get you gone, I say little, but you knowe my
minde.

Bab. Little said is soone amended, thou say'st but lit-
tle, and that little will be mended soone indeed, thats ne-
uer, and so the Proverbe stands in his full strength, pow-
er and vertue.

Enter Marquesse, Mario and Lepido, and
attendantes.

Fur. They will not goe my Lord.

Marq. Will they not goe?

Away with them, expell them from our Court,
Wise wretches, is it wrong to aske mine aduise?
Thinke you that my affection to my wife,
Is greater then my loue to publicke weale?
Doe not my people murmur euerie houre,
That I haue rais'd you vp to dignities?

Doe

Of patient Grisill.

Doe not lewde Histrrels in their ribalderies,
Scole at her birth, and descant on her do wee?

Jan. Alas my Lord, you knew her state before.

Marq. I did, and from the bounty of my heart,
I rob'd my wardrop of all precious robes,
That she might shine in beautie like the Sunne,
And in exchange, I hung this russet gowne,
And this poore pitcher for a monument,
Amongst my costliest Jewels: see heere they hang,
Grisill looke here, this gowne is unlike to this?

Grif. My gracious Lord, I know full well it is.

Ba. Grisill was as pretty a Grisill in the one as in
the other.

Marq. you haue forgot these vases, this water pot.

Grif. With reuerence of your Highnes I haue not.

Ba. No: I, many a good messe of water grewell has
that yeel'd vs.

Marq. Yes, you are proude of these your rich attyres.

Grif. Neuer did pride keep pace with my desires.

Marq. Well, get you on, part brieflie with your father.

Jan. Our parting shall be short, daughter farewell.

Lau. Our parting shall be short, sister farewell.

Fa. Our parting shall be short, Grisill farewell.

Jan. Remember thou didst liue when thou wert poore,
I do now thou dost but liue, come sonne no more.

Marq. See them without the Pallace Furio.

Fu. Good, yet tis bad. Exeunt with Furio.

Ba. Shall Furio see them out of the Pallace? doe you
turne vs out of doores? you turne vs out of doores
then?

Marq. Hence with that scole, Mario drine him hence.

Ba. He shall not neede, I am no Dre nor Ass, I can
goe without drining, for al his turning, I am glad of one
thing.

Lep. What's that Babulo?

The pleasant Commodity

Bab. Wary that hee shall neuer hit his lthy teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good tyme, followe I must case hee & you: I must giue ouer housekeeping, tis the fashion, farewell boy.

Boy. Marie farewell and be hang'd.

Ea. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently, farewell my Lord, adue my Lady, great was the wisdom of that Taylor, that witcht me in Botley, for he's a foole that leaues back making to turne Courtier: I see my destiny dogs me: at first I was a foole (for I was borne an Innocent) then I was a traveller, and then a Back-maker, and then a Courtier, and now I must turne back-maker and foole againe, the one I am sworne to, but the foole I bestowe vpon the world, for *Stultorum plena sunt omnia* adue, adue. Exit.

Mar. Farewell simplicity, part of my shame farewell, Now Lady what say you of their exile?

Gri. What euer you thinke good. He not seeme vile, By this rich burthen in my worthles wombe, Your hand-maide is so subiect to your will, That nothing which you see, to her seemes ill.

Mar. I am glad you are so patient, get you in, Exit or. Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.

Mario, Lepido?

Mario Lepi. By gracious Lord.

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your Eates, As it did Grissils, and as her I rap'd, To shine in greatnes sphere, so did mine eye, Through gilt beames of your births, therfore me thinkes Your soule should sympathize, and you should know, What passions in my Grissils to some flowe, Faith tell me your opinions of my wife?

Lep. She is as vertuous and as patient, As innocence, as patience it selfe.

Mar. She merits much of loue, little of hate, Onely in birth she is vnfortunate.

Mar. 32

Of patience Grisfill.

Marq. I, A, the memory of that mirth doth kill me,
She is with child you see, her trauaile past,
I am determin'd she shall leaue the Court,
And liue againe wth olde Ianicla.

Boch. Wherein you shew true wisdome.

Marq. Doe I indeede?

Doe friends if shall be done, Ie haue you two
Himour that presently, to the wide eares
Of that newes-loving-beast the multitude,
Goe tell them for their sakes this shall be done.

Mar. With wings we flye.

Lep. Swifter then time we run.

Exeunt.

Marq. Beyond then: o! these times, these impious
times,

How swift is mischief: with what nimble feete
Dothey gallop to doe iniury?

They both confesse my Grisfills innocence,
They both adnite her wondrous patience,
Yet in their malice and to flatter me,
Head-long they run to this impiety.

O! whats this world, but a confused throng
Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a thrull
To shoulder out the wise, trip downe the iust.

But I will try by selfe experience,
And shun the vulgar sentence of the base,
If I finde Grisfill strong in patience,
These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace,
And whilst verse liues, the same shall neuer dye,
Of Grisfills patience, and her constancy.

Exit.

Enter Vrcenze and Onophrio at severall doores, and
Farnezie in the mid'st.

Far. Onophrio and Vrcenze early met, every man
take his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of
mirth: Emulo with his hand in a false scarfe, and Iulia

The pleasant Commodity

with him, she laughs apace, and therefore I am sure hee
lyes apace.

Enter Emulo with Julia.

Ono. His arme in a scarfe: has he been fighting?

Far. Fighting: hang him coward.

Vrc. Perhaps he does it to shew his scarfe.

Far. Peace, heere the alle comes, stand aside, and see
him curuet.

Iul. Did my new married cousen Sir Owen wound
you thus?

Emu. Vee certes, as he is allyed to the illustrious Lu-
lia, I lue his deuoted, as Signior Emuloes enemy, no a-
dulatory language can redeeme him from vengeance: if
you please my most accomplisht Mistress, I will make a
most palpably demonstration of our batt. ile.

Iul. As palpably as you can good seruant.

Ono. Oh she gullies him simply.

Far. She has reason, is he not a simple gull?

Vrc. Sound an allarum ere his battle begin.

Far. Peace, sa, sa, sa.

Emu. Sir Owen and my selfe encountring, I bailde
my hyper garment, and enriching my head againe with
a fine veluet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it
of Orient Pearle and Golde, and a foolish sprig of some
nine or ten pound price, or so, wee geew to an empark-
ance.

Far. Oh ho ho, this is rare.

Iul. You did wisely to conferte before you combated.

Emu. Merily we did so, but falling into the handes of
bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

Ono. True, his gloues to faue his hands.

Vrc. No, his hand-kercher to wipe his face.

Far. Hewe it pittifully for feare, if it were true: if,

Emu. I

Of patient Grisfill.

Emu. I was then encountred with a pure Toledo silvered; and cleaving mine arme, in the drawing (by Iesu Sacre Madam, my rich cloake loaded with Pearle, which I wore at your sister Grisfills biddall, I made it then (by God) of meere purpose, to grace the Court, and so forth) that foolish garment dropped downe: the buttions were illustrious and resplendant diamonds, but its all one.

Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu. Divine Lady as I said, we both lying,

Pa. He be sworne thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confesse, very generouslie, and heroycallic at our ward, the welsh knight making a very desperate thrust at my bosome, before God faithfully mist my imbrodered Jerkin that I then wore, and with my ponyard vapulating and checking his engine downe, it cut mee a payre of very imperiall cloth of golde hose, at least thus long thwart the cannon, at least.

Iul. And mist your leg?

Pa. I, and his hose too.

Emu. And mist my leg (most bright starre) which abundantious signe I () this legge (having a fayre carnation silke stocking on) stumbled, my spangled garters in that impulsion fell about my feete, and he fetching a most valourous and ingenious careere, invaded my Rapiers hand, entered this gilded fort, and in that passado vulnerated my hand thus deepe I protest, and confesse heauen.

Iul. No more, its too fragicall.

Emu. I conclude I thought (by the Syntherefis of my soule) I had not been imperished, till the bloud theiving his red tincture, at the top of a faire enneloped glouc, sunke along my arme I spoild a rich wastecoate wrought in silke and golde, a toy &c.

Far. Hee'll

The pleasant Commodity

Far. Wee'll strip himselfe out of his shirt anone, for
Gods sake step in.

Emu. By opinion is I shall neuer recuperate the le-
gitimate office of this member my arme.

All 3. Signior Emulo,

Emu Sweet and accomplisht Signiors.

Far. Ha ha, O madame you had a pitifull hand with this
foole, but see he is reconered.

Iu. But seruant where is your other hand?

Ono. See sweet mistris one is my prisoner.

Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his scarfe Farneze for an other, hee has a
third hand, and tis pitifully wounded hee tels me, pitiful-
ly, pitifully.

Far. Wounded, oh palpable, come a demonstration
of it.

Ono. Giue him your larded cloake Signior to step his
mouth, for he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come Signior, one fine lye now to apparrell all
these former, in some light sattenet robe of truth: none,
none, in this mint?

Iul. Fye seruant, is your accomplisht Courtship no-
thing but lyes?

Ono. Fye Signior, no musick in your mouth, but bat-
tles, yet a meere milke-sop.

Vrc. Fye Emulo, nothing but wardrop, yet heare all
your trunckes of suites?

Far. Fye Signior, a scarfe about your necke, yet will
not hang your selfe to heare all this?

Iul. Seruant I discharge you my seruice, Ile enter-
taine no braggarts.

Ono. Signior, we discharge you the Court, wee'l haue
no gullies in our company.

Far. Abram we rathere you our company, wee must
haue no minnions at Court.

Emu. Oh patience bee thou my fortification: I pray
thou

Of patient Grisill.

thou spurnest me for bitering that nutriment, which I
suckt from thee.

Pa. How lealy? alway you ideot: lealy indeed you not,
but your owne diseased spirits: lealy? out you scoth, you
scumme, because your soule is mud, and that you have
breathed in Italy, you'll say lealy have despyled you: alway
you bore, thou wilt wallow in mite in the sweetest coun-
trie in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceipt this rawnes: Italy farewell,
Italians adue.

A vertuous soule abhoyres to dwell with you. Exit.

All. Ha ha ha: Laugh.

Enter Marquesse and Sir Owen.

Iu. Peace seruants, here comes the Duke my brother.

Marq. Loe cousin here they be: are yee heere Gen-
tlemen?

And Iulia you too: then Ile call your eyes,
To testifie, that to Sir Meredith,
I doe deliuer heere foure sealed bondes:
Coze haue a care to them, it much behooues you,
For Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes,
Foue thousand Duckets payable to him,
Just fourefteene daies befoze next Pentecost,
Coze it concernes you, therefore keep them safe.

Owen. Fugh, her warrant her shall log them off from
Sunne and Moone, and seauen starres too I hope, but
harg you cozen Marquesse.

Marq. How, whats the matter?

Ow. A pore on it tis scalde matter, well, well pray
cozen Marquesse, vse her Latie Grisilla a good teale better,
for as God budge me, you herd Sir Owen out a cry by
maging her sad and poid so, see you?

Marq. Hurt you? what harme or good reape you
thereby?

F.

Owen. Harme,

The pleasant Commedy

Owen. Harrie, yes by Gods lide, a poggie teale of harrie, for loog you cozen and cozen Iulia, & Shentlemen atwl, (for atwl is to know her wifes case) you know her tag to wife the widdow Gwentchyan.

Marq. True cozen & she's a vertuous gentlewoman.

On. One of the patientest Ladies in the world.

Vre. She's wondrous beautifull & wondrous kinde.

Far. She's the quietest woman that ere I knew, for good heart, she'll put by any thing.

Iul. Cozen I am proude that you are sped so well.

Ow. Are you? by God so are not I, ile tel you what cozen Marquesse, you atwl know her wel, you know her face is liddle faire & smug, but her has a tung goes Jingle iangle, Jingle iangle, petter and woise then pelles when her house is a fire: patient? ha ha sir Owen shall tag her haires and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell so out a cry terrible a pogs on her la.

Iul. Why cozen what are her quallities that you so commend her?

Ow. Commend her: no by God not I, ha ha: is know her quallities petter & petter, soze I commend her: but Gwentchian is woise and woise out a cry, olve out a cry woise, out of atwl cry, she's fea'd to be made fool as Grissill is, & as God vdge me, her mag fine pobbie soole of Sir Owen, her thide & thide, & prawle & scroude, by God and scradge terrible somtime, olve & haid her wil doe what her can, ha ha ha, and sir Owen were handsome pacheler agent, pray cozen Marquesse tag some order in Grissill, or tedge sir Owen to mag Gwentchians quiet and tame her.

Marq. To tame her: that I le teach you presently,
You had no sooner spake the word of Taming,
But mine eye met a speedy remedie,
See cozen heere's a plot where Officers grow,
The ground belongs to olde Ianicula
(My Grissills father) come Sir Meredith,
Take out your knife cut thre and so will I,

Of patient Grisill.

So, keep yones cozen let them be safe laide by,
These thre (thus wound together) Ile preserve.

Ow. What shal her doe now with these? peate and
knog her Gwenthian. Enter Mario.

Marq. You shal not take such counsaile from my lips,
How now Mario? what newes byings thee hither in such
quicke haste?

Mari. Your wife (my gracious Lord)
Is now deliuerd of two beautionous twins,
A sonne and daughter.

Marq. Take that for thy paines,
Not for the ioy that I conceiue thereby,
For Grisill is not gracious in the eye
Of those that loue me, therefore I must hate
Those that doe make my life vnforsunate.
And thats my children: must I not Mario?
Thou bowest thy knee, well, well I know thy minde,
Vertue in villaines can no succour finde,
A sonne and daughter: I by them will please,
My Grisills patience better, and her loue:
Come Iulia, come Onophrio, coze farewell,
Reserue those wandes, these thre Ile beate away,
When I require them backe, then will I shew
How easily a man may tame a shrew. Exit.

Ow. Ha ha ha, tame a shrew, owe tis out a cry terri-
ble hard, and moze worse then tame a mad pull, but to had
meane her cozen to mag her cut her wandes: ha ha, God
bidge me tis fine knag, I see her knauery now, tis so pang
gwenthyanspodie and she mag a noise & prabble: Is not
so: by Gods hd so, & Gwenthian, sir Owen will knog you
besoze her abide such horrible doe.

Enter Gwenthian and Rice.

Gods hd here her comes, terdawgh Gwenthian terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen Terdawgh whee.

Owen. Owe, looge heere, fine wandes Gwenthian, is
not?

The pleasant Commedy

Gwe. Rees tag them and preag them in pettes.

Ric. What say you forsooth?

Gwe. What say you forsooth? you sauncie knaue, must her tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and foure times, what to doe: preag these wandes.

Ow. Rees is potter preack: Rees his pate: heere Rees carry her home.

Ri. Would I were at gallies, so I were not heere:

Gwen. Doe and her tare, doe and her fare, see you now, what shall her doe with wandes: peate Gwenthian? podie and mag Gwenthian put her finger in me hole: Ha, by God by God, is seradge her ries out that fridge her, that sawg to her, that loog on her, marg you that Sir Owen?

Owen. Yes, her marg her, Rees pray marg her Ladie:

Ri. Not I sir. Shee'll set her markes on me then.

Gwen. Is prade: is prade: goe to Rees, He Rees her, you tagg you.

Owen. Pray Gwenthien bee patient, as her cozen Griffill is.

Gwe. Griffill owes: owes Griffill: no no, no, no, her shall not mag Gwenthian such ninny pobbie foole as Griffill, I say preage her wandes.

Owen. Gods plude is pought her to peate dust out of her cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels: sic, sic, sic, tis lye Sir Owen tis lye.

Ri. Your worship may stab her. She giues you the lye.

Ow. Peace Rees, goe to, I pought them indeede to mag her horse run and goe a mightie teale of pace, pray let Rees tag her in good Gwenthian?

Gwen. Rees heare in her wandes because Sir Owen bej so gently.

Owen. Goe Rees, goe locke them by in a por o2 sheff, goe.

Ri. You shal not need to bid me goe, for I le run. Exit.
Owen, I

Of patient Grisfill.

Owen. I pought them for her horse indeede, for heere was her cozen Marquesse and pought her pondes and scriblings heere for her money: Gwenthyan pray keepe her pondes and keep her wisely: Sirra Gwenthyan is tell her prau newes, Grisfill is pought to bed of liddle she atleiman and shentlewoman: (is glad out a cry sprag her faire) yes truly Grisfill is pought a bed.

Gwen. Grisfills no podie but Grisfills: what care I for grisfill: I say if Sir Owen loue Gwenthyan, shal not loue grisfill no; Marquesse so, see you now?

Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen: is shealous: olwe is fine trig, not loue her cozen: God vdge me her wil, and hang her selfe, see you now?

Gwe. Hang her selfe, olwe, olwe, olwe, Gwenthyan's to: ther husband is scawme to say hang her selfe: hang her selfe: olwe olwe, olwe olwe.

Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by pratules, is get by olwe, olwe, olwe, is terrible Ladic, pray be peace, and cry no more olwe, olwe, olwe, Taw lone Gwenthyan, God vdge me is very furie.

Gwen. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenthyan's?

Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethogh, en Thonigh, en moyen due.

Gw. Neveetho en Thonigh, Gna wathe gethla Tee, hang Gwenthyan's?

Owen. Sir Owen shall say no more hang her selfe, be out a cry still and her shall ppe her new card to ride in, & two new fine horses, and more plew coates and padges to follow her heeles, see you now?

Gwen. But will her say no more hang her selfe?

Enter Rice.

Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee no more, pray leaue, olwe, olwe, olwe.

Ri. Tannekin the ffroe hath brought your Rebato, it comes to three pound.

Ow. What a penitence is this for Gwenthyan?

The pleasant Commodity

Gwe. For her neg, is cald repatoes, Gwenthian weare it heere, lit not prauce:

Owen. Praue: yes is prauce, tis repatoes I warrant her: I patoes money out a cric, yes tis prauce, Rees the preece: Rees the preece:

Ri. The ffroe fir saies fwe pound.

Owen. Ha ha ha, pound, Gwenthian pray doe not ppe it. Gwen. Wy God bidge me her shall ppe it.

Owen. God bidge me her shall not.

Gwen. Shall not: Rees tag her away, I say her shall and weare it ppe and ppe.

Owen. Then mag a pobbie soole of Sir Owen indeed: Gods plude shall: I say shal not: fwe pound for puble, for patoes: here there, so tag it now, weare it now polute her neg, shall pible fir Owen ha?

Ri. Oh rare fir Owen, oh pretious Rininght, oh rare Sir Owen.

Gwe. Out you raskals, you prade and prade, ile prade your neaces.

Ri. Oh rare Hadame, oh pretious Hadame, O God, O God, O God, O. Exie.

Gwe. As domin: ere now, you teare her rufles and repatoes, you ppeake her ponds: Ale teare as good ponds, and petter too, and petter too.

Ow. Dwe Gwent ran, Gods plude is fwe thousand duckets, hold hold hold, a pogs on her pride, what has her done?

Gw. Goe loog, is now prade for her repatoes, ile haue her willes & desires, ile teadgc her pible her Lady: Catho erogge, Ne vetho, en rhionigl. gna wathce gnathla tee. Exie

Owen. A breath vawer or no Tee: pible her, fir owen is prided I warrant: widowes (were petter Gods plude marry whoore) were petter be hang'd and quarter, then marry widowes as God bidge me: Sir owen fall on her knees, & pray God to tag her to her mercy, or else put petter minde in her Lady: atw paffish Shentlemans tag herde

Of patient Grisfill.

heede how her marry firen widowe.
Sir owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A thewes sharpe tongue is terrible as hell.

Exit.

Enter Marquesse and Furio with an infant in his armes.

Marq. Did she not see thee when thou took'st it vp?

Fur. No, she was fast a sleepe.

Marq. Giue me this blessed burthen, pretty foole
With what an amiable looke it sleepes,
And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that smile how my heart leapes for ioy:
Furio Ile turne this circle to a cradle,
To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord,
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hobby-horse.
Then why should I thinke scorn to dandle mine:
Furio beholde it well, to whom itt like?

Fur. Pou, there's your nose and blacke eye-browes.

Enter Mario.

Marq. Thou dost but flatter me, heere comes Mario,
I know Mario will not flatter me,
Mario, thy opinion, view this childe,
Doth not his lips, his nose, his fore-head,
And euery other part resemble mine?

Mari. So like my Lord, that the nice difference,
Would stay the iudgement of the curioust eye.

Marq. And yet me thinkes I am not halfe so browne.

Mari. Indeed your cheekes beare a moze lively colour.

Marq. Furio, play thou the nurse, handie it softly.

Fur. One were better get a dosen then nurse one.

Marq. Mario step to Grisfill shee's a sleepe,
Her white hand is the pillar to those eares,
Which I vngently lodge within her head,
Steale thou the other childe and bring it hither,
If Grisfill be awake and strue with thee,

Bring

The pleasant Commodity

Bring it perforce, no; let her know what hand,
Hath rob'd her of this other, haste Mario.

Mari. I flie my gracious Lord.

Exit.

Marq. Run flatterie, because I did blasphemie and call
it browne,

This Parasite cride (like an Echo) browne.

Fur. The childe is faire my Lord, you were nere so
faire

Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire,
Deare prettie infant let me with a kisse,
Take th at dishonor off, which the soule breath
Of a prophane slauie, laide vpon thy cheekes;
Had but I said my boy's a Blackamoore,
He would haue damnd himselfe and so haue I wo.

Enter Griffill and Mario with a childe.

Gri. Giue me mine infant, where's my other babe:
You cannot plaie the nurse, your hoored eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them crie,
Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie:
Tis not the pleasure of my Lord I know,
To load me with such wrong.

Mari. Po, I vnload you.

Seoffingly.

Marq. Giue her her childe Mario and yet staie,
Furio holde thou them both, Griffill so; beare,
You are but nurse to them, they are not thine.

Gri. I know my gracious Lord they are not mine,
I am but their pooze nurse I must confesse,
Alas let not a nurse be pittifull.

To see the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,
Makes me shed teares because they cannot speake.

Marq. If they could speake, what thinke you they
would say?

Gri. That I in all things will your wil obey.

Marq. Obay it then in silence: shall not I

Bestow

of patient Grisfill.

Bestowe what is myne owne, as likes me best;
 Deliuere me these brats: come presse me downe,
 With weightie infamie: heere is a load
 Of shame, of speckled shame: O God how heauie
 An arnefull of dishonour is: heeres two,
 Grisfill for this ile thanke none els but you,
 Which way so ere I turne I meeete a face,
 That makes my cheekes blush at mine owne disgrace.
 This way or this way, neuer shall mine eye
 Looke thus, or thus: but (oh me) presentlie,
 (Take them for Gods sake Furio) presentlie
 I shall spend childish teares: true teares indeed,
 That thus I wrong my babes and make her bleed,
 Soe Grisfill get you in.

Gri. I goe my Lorde.

Farewell sweet sweet deare babes, so you were free,
 Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me.

Mar. Ha, ha, why this is pleasing harmonie. (them?)

Fu. Oh Lord they'le watole, what shall I doe with

Marq. Tell her thou must prouide a nurse for them
 Comes she not backe Mario?

Mari. No my Lord.

Marq. Tush, tush, it cannot be but sheele returne,
 I know her bosome beares no marble heart,
 I knowe, a tender Mother cannot part,
 With such a patient soule, from such sweet soules,
 She stands and watches sure, and sure she weepes,
 To see my seeming flintie brast, Mario —
 Withdraw with me: Furio stay thou heere still,
 If she returne, seeme childish, and denie
 To let her kisse or touch them.

Exeunt

Fur. Faith not I: I haue not such a heart, and shee
 alke to touch them. Ile deny it because ile obey my Lord,
 yet she shall kisse and touch them to, because Ile please
 my Ladie: alas, alas, prettie fooles I loue you well but
 I would you had a better Nurse.

G.

Enter

The pleasant Commodity

Enter Grissill stealingly.

Grif. A better Purse: seek' I thou a better Purse:
A better Purse then whome?

Fu. When you, away.

Grif. I am their Mother I must not away,
Locke, Locke, good Furio Locke they smile on mee,
I know poore hearts they feare to smile on thee,
I praythee let me haue them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Grif. I pryie thee let me touch them.

Fu. No: Hands off.

Grif. I pryie thee gentle Furio let me kisse them.

Fu. Not one kisse for a Kings crowne: (them)

Grif. Must I not kisse my babes: nor I not touch
Alas what sin so vile hath Grissill done
That thus she should be vex'd: not kisse my infants:
Who taught thee to be cruell gentle churle,
What must thou doe with them?

Fu. Get them a nurse. (diuill)

Grif. A Nurse alacke, what Nurse: where must thee

Fu. I must not tell you till I know my selfe,

Grif. For Gods sake who must Nurse them doe but
name her,

And I will sweare those fire eyes doe smile,
And I will sweare that which none els will sweare,
That thy grim browes, doe mercies liuerie weare,

Fu. Choose you.

Enter Marquesse, standing aside.

Grif. Oh God, oh God, might Grissill haue her choice
My babes should not be scard with thy diuils voice.
Thou get a Nurse for them: they can abide,
To taste no milke but mine, come, come Ile chide,
In faith you cruell man, Ile chide in vaine,
If I growe angrie.

Fu. Do do I care not.

Marq. To chide & curse thy Lord thou hast more need

Grif. Wait

of patient Grisfill.

Gris. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their Purse

Fu. No.

Gris. Wilt thou not let me kisse them?

Fu. No I say.

Gris. I praythee let my teares, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate hart, see heer's a fountaine,
Which heauen into this Alabaster bowels,
Infil'd to nourish them: man theyle crie,
And blame thee that this ronne so lauishly,
Wastes milke for both my babes two breasts for two.

Marq. Poore babes I weep to see what wrong I doe.

Gris. I pray thee let them suck, I am most meete
To play their Purse: theyle smile and say tis sweet,
Which streames fro hence, if thou dost heare them heere,
My angrie breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Lets fall salt drops, with these white Heeter teares,
They will be mirt: this sweet will then be baine,
Theyle crie Ile chide and say the sinne is thine.

Fu. Mine armes ake mightily.

And my heart akes.

Marq. And so doth mine: sweet sounds this disoord
makes.

Fu. Heere Madame take one, I am weary of both,
touch it and kisse it to, its a sweet childe, I would I were
rid of my miserie, for I shall broune my heart, with my
teares that fall inward.

Gris. Oh this is gentlie done this is my boy,
My first bo:ne care: thy feete that nere felt ground,
Haue traueled longest in this land of woe,
This worlds wildernes, and hast most neede,
Of my most comfort: oh I thanke thee furio,
I knew I should transforme thee with my teares,
And melt thy adamantine heart like ware,
What wrong shall these haue to be tane from me,
Mildely intreate their Purse to touch them mildly,
For my soule tels me, that my honoured Lord,

The pleasant Commodity
Does but to trie poore Griffils constancie,
Hees full of mercie iustice, full of loue.

Marq. My cheekes doe glow with shame to heere her
speake,

Should I not weepe for ioy my heart would breake,
And yet a little more Ile stretch my tryall.

Enter Mario and Lepido.

Mario, Lepido:

Both My gracious Lord:

Marq. You shall be witnesse of this open wrong,
I gaue strait charge, she should not touch these brats,
Yet has she tempted with lasciuious teares,
The heart of Furio, see she dandles them,
Take that childe from her: stay, stay, ile commend,
That pittie in thee which Ile reppend.

Fu. Doe.

Marq. Dare you thus contradict our strait command
But heeres a trustie groomie, out hypocrite,
I shall doe Iustice wrong to let thee breath,
For disobaying me.

Grif. My gracious Lord,

Marq. Tempt me not Syzen, since you are so louing,
Hold you take both your children, get you gon,
Disrobe her of these rich abiliments,
Take downe her hat, her pitcher and her gowne,
And as she came to me in beggerie,
So giue her to her fathers.

Mari. My deare Lorde.

Marq. Tier me not good Mario if you woe me,
(O if you shed one teare) to pittie her,
O if by any drift you succour her,
You loose my fauour euerlastingly,

Both. We must obey since theres no remedye,

Marq. You must be villaines theres no remedie,
Mario, Lepido, you two shall helpe,
To beare her children home.

Grif. *Re*

Of patient Grisfill.

Gri. It shall not neede I can beare more.

Marq. Thou bearest too much indeed. (content)

Gri. Come, come sweet lambes wee'll laugh and liue
Though from the Court we liue in banishment,
These rich attyes are for your mother fit,
But not your nurse, therefore Ile off with it.

Marq. Away with her I say.

Gri. Away, away:

Nothing but that colde comfort wee'll obay,
Heauen smile vpon my Lord with gracious eye,

Marq. Drive her hence Lepido.

Lep. Good Madame hence.

Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence,
Thy looks seeme heauy, but thy heart is light,
For villaines laugh when wrong oppresseth right. Run
Must we then be driuen hence: Oh see my Lord, to him
Sweet prettie fooles they both siml'd at that word.
They smile as who should say indeede indeede,
Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not agree'd,
Can you thus part from them: in truth I know,
Your true loue cannot let these infants goe.

Marq. Shce'll triumph ouer me doe what I can,

Turnes from her.

Mari. Good Madame hence.

Gri. Oh send one gracious smile

Before we leaue this place: turne not away,
Doe but looke backe, let vs but once more see
Those eyes, whose beames shall breath new soules in
It is enough now weele depart in ioy, (thrice)
May be not you so cruell, should you two
Be thus driuen hence, trust me Ioe pittie you.

Marq. Disturbe her presently.

Both. It shall be done.

Gri. To worke some good deede thus you would
not runne. Exeunt.

Marq. Oh Grisfill in large Carracters of golde,

The pleasant Commodity

Thy vertuous sacred fame shall be enroulde,
Tell me thy iudgement Furio of my wife:

Fur. I thinke my Lord thee's a true woman, for thee
loues her children, a rare wife, for thee loues you, (I be-
leeue you'll hardly finde her match) and I thinke thee's
more then a woman, because thee conqueres all wrongs
by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I trye her, presently
Ile haue thee goe to olde Ianicolaes,
And take her children from her, breed some doubt,
(By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall neuer
Beholde them more: beare them to Pavia,
Commend vs to our brother, say from vs,
That we desire him with all kinde respect,
To nurse the infants, and withall conceale,
Their parentage from any mortall care,
I charge thee on thy life reueale not this,
I charge thee on thy life, be like thy name,
(When thou comst to her) rough and furious.

Fur. Well, I will: It's far from Saluce to Pavia, the
children will cry, I haue no teates you know, twere good
you thought vpon it.

Marq. There's golde.

Fu. That's good.

Marq. W:ouide them nurses.

Fu. That's better, I will and I can.

Exit Furio.

Marq. Away, though I dare trust thy secrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,
And try thy faith, and Grissils constancy:
If thou abide unblemisht, then I sweare,
I haue found two wonders that are sildome rise,
A trusty seruant, and a patient wife.

Exit.

Enter Ianicola and Laureo, with burdens of Officers.

La. Father how fare you?

Ian. Very well my sonne,

This

Of patient Grisfill.

This labour is a comfort to my age,
The Marquesse hath to me been mercifull,
In sending me from Courtly delicates,
To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not mercifull, his tyzanny
Exceedes the most inhumaine.

Ian. Peace my sonne,
I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise,
But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy soule,
Thou takst a pleasure to be counted iust,
And kicke against the faults of mighty men:
Wh tis in vaine, the earth may euen as well
Challenge the potter to be partiall,
For forming it to sundry offices:
Alas the errour of ambitious fooles,
How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how weak:
Those that doe strive to iustle with the great,
Are certaine to be brydd, or soone to breake.
Come, come mell with our Officers, heere let's rest,
This is olde homely home, & that's still best.

Enter Babulo with a bundle of Officers in one arme and a
childe in another, Grisfill after him with another childe.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush, and I daunce mine owne
childe, and I dance mine owne childe, &c: ha ha, whoop
olde Baster, so ho ho, looke heere, and I dance mine owne
childe, &c: heere's sirtene pence a weeke, and sirtene
pence a weeke, eight groates, soye and randle, I met her
in Officers groue, crying hush, hush, hush, hush: I thought
it had been some begger woman, because of her pitcher, for
you know they beare such household stuffe, to put drinke
and porrage together, and I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Wh father now forswear all patience,
Grisfill comes home to you in pooze array,
Grisfill is made a drudge, a cast-away.

Ian. Grisfill is welcome home to pouerty,

How

The pleasant Commodity

How now my childe are these thy pretty babes?

Ba. And I dance myne owne childe: art thou there?
art thou there?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home, who sent thee
hyther?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely Lord,
Who taking some offence, to me vnknowne,
Hath banisht me from care to quietnes.

Ba. A fig for care, olde Pastier, but now olde graund,
fire, take this little Pope Innocent, wee'll glue ouer bas-
ket making and turne nurses, thee has tickled Laureo:
Its no matter, you shall goe make a fire, Grandfire you
shall dandle them, Grissill shall goe make Wap, and Ile
licke the skillet, but first Ile fetch a cradle, its a signe tis
not a deare peare, when they come by two at once, heer's
a couple quoth Jacke dawe, art thou there? sing Grand-
fire.

Exit.

Ian. What said the Marquesse when he banisht thee?

Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kist my cheekes,
For Gods sake therfore peake not ill of him,
Teares trickling from his eyes, and sorrowes hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue,
Whilst many a deep fetcht sigh from his brest flew.
Therefore for Gods sake speake not ill of him.
Good Lord how many a kisse he gaue my babes,
And with wet eyes bad me be patient,
And by my feuth (if I haue any truth)
I came from Court more quiet and content,
By many a thousand part then when I went:
Therefore for Gods loue speake not ill of him.

Lau. O vile deiection of too base a soule,
Hast thou beheld the Paradise of Court,
Fed of rich severall meates, bath'd in sweet streames,
Slept on the bed of pleasure, safe in th' zone,
Whilst troopes of Saint-like haue adored thee:
And being now throwne downe by violence,

Doff

Of patient Grisill.

Dost thou not enuy those that drine thee thence?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my Lord
In thought, much less epyther in deed or word.

La. Then hast thou no true soule, for I would curse
From the Sunnes arising to his western fall,
The Marquesse and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night, kinde heauen protect them all,
What wrong haue they done me? what hate to you?

Haue I not sed vpon the Princes cost?
Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge?
Looke heere my russet gowne is yet vnwoyne,
And many a winter more may serue my turne,

By the preserving it so many monthes:
My Pitcher is unhurt, see it is fill'd
With chystall water of the crisped spring.

If you remember on my wedding day,
You sent me with this pitcher to the well,
And I came empty home, because I met
The gracious Marquesse and his company.
Now hath he sent you this cup full of teares,
You'll say the comfort's colde, well be it so,
Yet enery little comfort helpes in woe.

Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe,
Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome.
Wee'll worke to finde them soode, come kisse them soone,
And let's forget these wrongs as neuer done.

Enter Babulo with a cradle.

Ba. Come, where be these infidels: heere's the cradle
of security, and my pillow of idlenes for them, and their
Grandfires cloake (not of hypocrisie) but honesty to couer
them.

Ian. Lay them both softly downe, Grisill sit downe,
Laureo fetch you my lute, rocke thou the cradle.
Couer the poore fooles arme, ile charme their eyes,
So take a sleepe by sweet tunde lullabyes.

The pleasant Commodity

The Song.

Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore sleepe you,
You are care and care must keep you:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Enter Furio and Marquesse aloofe disguised
with baskets.

Fur. Leauē singing.

Ba. We may choose, Grandfire sol fa once more, we'll
alla mire him, and he lye waile in woe, and who can hin-
der vs?

Fur. Sirra Scholler read there, it's a commission for
mee to take away these children.

Ba. Pay then yare welcome, there's foure groates,
and heere's foure more.

Gri. To take away my children gentle Furio,
Why must my babes beate this vngentle dome?

Fur. Goe looke.

Lau. O misery, O most accursed time,
When to be foes to guilt is helde a crime,
Sister this fiend must beare your infants hence.

Ia. God Grissil beare al wrongs w patience. Weepes

Gri. Good father let true patience cure all woe,
You bid me be content, oh be you so.

Lau. Father why doe you weepe?

Ian. What can I doe,

Though her he punish, he might pittie you.

Lau. Let's fret and curse the Marquesse cruelly,

Ba. J

Of patient Grisfil.

Ba. I by my troth that's a good way, we may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be diuorc'd: and loose this treasure, I must and am content, since tis his pleasure, I prie thee tell we whither they must goe?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place?

Fu. I.

Gri. Then will not I inquire, thou dost but tell I know thou must not rob me, tis to try
If I loue them: no, no, heere I read, (bleede,
That which strikes blinde mine eyes, makes my heart
Farewell, farewell, deare soules, adue adue,
Your father sendes and I must part from you,
I must oh God I must, must is for kings,
And loe obedience, for loe vnderlings.

Lau. We shall not hale them thus, keep them perforce,
This slaue looks on them with a murthering eye.

Ba. No, he shal not haue them, knocke out his bzaines,
and saue the little hop a my thombes.

Fa. Doe if you dare.

Marq. How now my hearts, what's the matter?

Fu. What car'st thou.

Lau. This is poore Grisfil, wife vnto our Duke,
And these her children, thus he sendes her home,
And thus he sends a serpent to deuour,
Their pretious liues he brings commission,
To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.

Gris. Forbeare, forbeare.

Marq. Take them from him perforce,
Are these his children?

Ba. So she saies.

Marq. Two sweet Duckes, and is this his wife?

Ba. Yes, he has lyne with her.

Mar. A pretty soule, for thou wilt be hang'd so; this.

Fu. Hang thy selfe.

The pleasant Commodity

Mar. Beate him, but first take these two from his
 I am a basket maker, and I sweare (armes,
 He dye before he beare away the babes.

Ba. Oh rare, cry prentises and clubs, the corporation
 cannot be () sirra set downe thy baskets and to't
 pell meell.

Fu. Would I were rid of my office?

Gri. What will you doe, dyne this rashe fellowe
 hence?

Marq. The Marquesse is a tyzant and does wrong.

Gri. I would not for the world that hee should heare
 thee.

Mar. I would not for ten worlds but heare my Grissil.

Gri. A tyzant, no he's mercy euen her selfe,
 Justice in triumph rides in his two eyes,
 Take heede how thou prophaneest high deities:
 Goe Furio, get thee gone: good father helpe me
 To guard my deare Lords seruant from this place,
 I know he'll doe my pretty babes no harme,
 For see Furio lookes gently: oh get thee gone,
 Pitty sits on thy cheekes, but God can tell,
 My heart saies my tongue lyes, farewell farewell.

Marq. Stay sirra take thy purse.

Fur. I let none fall.

Ba. Halfe part.

Ia. A purse of golde Furio is false from thee.

Fu. Its none of mine, sirra basket-maker, if my armes
 were not full, thou should haue thy handes full: farewell
 Grissil, if thou neuer see thy children more, curse mee, if
 thou dost see them againe, thanke God, adue. Exie.

Ba. Farewell and be hang'd.

Gri. I will thanke God for all, why should I grieue,
 To loose my children: no no, I ought rather
 Reioyce, because they are borne to their father.

Ia. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purse but golde.

Ba. So much the better, After we'll quickly turne
 it

of patient Grisfill.

it into fluer.

Ia. This purse that fellow did let fall, run run,
Carry it him againe, run Babulo,
Away with it, tis laide to doe vs wrong.

Lau. Try all their golden baits, stay neuer run,
They can doe no more wrong then they haue done.

Ia. What ayles my Grisfill, comfort my childe.

Ba. He fetch Rosa solis.

(tunc

Marq. Dooze soule her grieue burnes inward, yet her
Is loath to giue it freedom: I doe wrong,

Oy Grisfill I doe wrong thee and, lament,

That for my sake thou feel'st this languishment.

I came to try a seruant and a wife,

Both haue I proued true, that purse of golde I brought,

And let it fall of purpose to relieue her,

Well may I giue her golde that so much grieue her,

As I came in by stealth, so He away,

For has a tongue, but knowes not what to say. Exit.

Gri. So father I am well, I am well indeed,

I should doe wondrous ill, should I repine,

At my babes losse for they are none of mine.

Ia. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Ba. Whoope whether is my brother basket-maker
gone: ha let me see, I smell a rat, sneakit hence and neuer
take leaue, cyther hee's a craftie knaue, or else hee dogs
Furio to byte him, for when a quarrell enters into a trade
it serues seauen yeares before it be free.

Ia. Let him be whome he will, he seem'd our friend,

Grisfill lay vp this golde tis Furios sure,

O: it may be thy Lord did giue it him,

So let it fall for thee, but keep it safe,

If he disdain to loue thee as a wife,

This golde shall not buy foode to nourish thee,

Grisfill come in, time swiftly runs away,

The greatest sorrow hath an ending day.

Exeunt.

The pleasant Commodity

Enter Gwenthyan and Rice, she meanelly, he like
a Cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and set out her sittailles, and
pꝛeades, and wines, and ale, and pearce, and salt for her
guesse.

Ri. Yes forsooth my Lady but what shal I do with all
yonder beggers?

Gwen. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe.

Ri. How: the beggers in, wee shall haue a louzie feast
Madame. — Exit Rees.

Gwen. You rascals pꝛate no more, but fetch them in:
shall pꝛidle Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is war-
rant her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marquesse
and a meiny to dyne at her house, but Gwenthyan shall
kine her dinner I warrant her, for peggers shall haue all
her meate.

Enter Rees with a company of beggers: a Table is
set with meate.

Ri. Come my hearts, troope, troope, every man follow
his leader, heere's my Lady.

All. God blesse your Ladiship, God blesse your Ladi-
ship.

Gwen. I thank you my good peggers, Rees pꝛing
fooles, sit atul downe, Rees pꝛing more meate.

Ri. Heere Madame, I le set it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady shall we scamm-
ble or eate mannerly?

Gwen. Peggers I hope haue no manners, but first
heare me pray you now, and then fall to out a crie.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady, Jacke - mumble - crutt
steale no penny loanes.

Gwen. Peggers, atul you know Sir Owen?

All. Passing well, passing well, God blesse his Ladiship.

1 Beg. Madame,

of patient Grisfil.

i Beg. Madame, we know him as well as a begger knowes his dish.

Gwe. Alwl these fittels is made for Cozen Marquesse: Sir Owen is gone to sedge him, but Sir owen has anger her Ladie.

i Beg. More shame for him, hee's not a knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therfore her Lady is anger Sir Owen.

i Beg. Make him a cuckold be Madame, and vpon that I drinke to you: helter skelter here roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huffie tuffie, hem, God saue the Duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwen. Rees sedge wine and peaces enough, and fall so pegger, and eate awl her there, and to mincere, see you now, pray doe.

A drunken feast, they quarrel and grow drunke, and pocket vp the meate, the dealing of Cannes like a set at Mawe.
Exit Rees.

Gwe. Nay I pray peggers be quiet, tag your meates, you haue trinkes enough I see, and get you home noioe good peggers.

i Beg. Come you roagues, lets goe tag and tag, cut and long taile, I am viduald for a month, God bo'y Madame, pray God Sir owen and you may sal out euery day: Is there any harme in this noio: hey tri-lill, giue the dog a loafe, fill the tother pot you whoore & God saue the Duke.
Exeunt.

Gwe. I thang you good peggers, ha ha, this is fine sport, by God is haue peggers eate her fittales all day long.

Enter Sir Owen and Rees.

Ow. Where is the sheere Rees? Gods plude where?

Ri. I beseech you sit be patient, I tell you the beggers haue it.

Owen. What a pogs is doe with peggers: what is peggers
gers

The pleasant Commodity

~~How~~ do at Knights house: As peggers Sir Owens guesse
Rees?

Ri. No Sir Owen they were my Ladies guesse.

Ow. Ha: you hungry rascalles, where's her Ladie
Gwenethian? Cods plude peggers eate her sheere and co-
zen Marquesse come.

Ri. I know no: where my Lady is, but there's a beg-
ger woman, aske her, for my Lady dealt her almes a-
mongst them her selfe.

Ow. A pogs on you pegger whore, where's ther pzead
and sheere? Cod vdge me Ile pegger you for fittels.

Gwe. Haild, haild, haild, what is mad now: here
is her Lady: is her Lady pegger you rascalles?

Ri. So sweet Madam, you are my Lady, a man is a
man though he haue but a hose on his head, and you are
my Lady though you want a hood.

Ow. How now: how now: ha ha, her Ladie in talmy
coate, and tags and rags so: where is her meate Gwenethi-
an? where is her sheere: her cozen Marquesse is heere and
great teale of Shentlefolkes and Laties and Labzdes
ple and pic.

Gwe. What eate her so: Laties o: cozen too, fittels is
aswl gone.

Ow. Dwe, gone: is her Ladie mad?

Gwen. No, our Lord is mad, you teare her rustes and
repatoes, and pzeble her, is her pzebled now: is her repa-
toed now: is her teate in peeces now: Ile tedge her pze-
dle her Lady againe, her cozen Marquesse shall eate no
pzead and meate heere, and her Ladie gwenethians will
goe in tags and rags, and like pegger to bere and chafe sic
Owen, see you now?

Owen. A pogs see her, Cods plude, what is doe now
Rees?

Ri. Speake her faire Master for shee lookes wildely.

Owen. Is lookie wildely indede, gwenethian pray goe
in, and put pzauerie vpon her packe and pelly, Cod vdge
me

of patient Grisfil.

me is pie new repatoes and ruffles for her Lady, pray doe so, pray good Ladies.

Ri. Doe good Madame.

Gw. Cartho crogge, Cartho crogge, Gwenthian scorne her flatteries, her Lady goe no better, Sir Owen hang her selfe.

Ow. O mon Iago, her British plude is not indure it by God: a pogs on her, put on her fine coates is best, put on goe to, put on.

Ri. Put off Sir Owen and thee'll put on.

Gw. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe like pegger.

Ow. Rees goe mag moze fire, and let her haue moze theere.

Gwen. Rees mag fire, and the scalde her like pigge, see you now?

Ri. I shall be peppered how ere the market goes.

Ow. Mag great teale of fires, or Sir Owen shall knog your eares.

Gwen. Make litle teale of fire, or Gwenthian shall cut off your eares: and pob you, & pob you Rees, see you now?

Ri. Holde good Madame, I see you and feele you too, y^e are able to set stones together by th^e eares: I beseech you be quiet both, the make a fire Sir Owen to please you.

Ow. Doe Rees the pridle her Ladies well enough.

Gwen. Will you, you rascals?

Ri. Pray but heare you sweet Madame, the make a fire to please Sir Owen, and when it burnes, the quench it to please you.

Exit.

Enter Farnezia apace.

Far. Ha ha ha, why how now Sir Owen, your Cozen the Marquesse and all your guests are at hand, and I see no meate towarde.

(ward.

Ow. Is no meate toward, but her Lady is ferre unto

Far. What bagadge is this stands laughing thus?

Ow. A pogs on her, tis our Lady bagadge tis Gwenthian,

I

The pleasant Commedy

Pa. How my Lady owenthian! ha ha ha.

Enter Marquesse, Iulio, Onophria, Vrenze, Mario.

Marq. You see Sir Owen we are soone invited,
Where is your wife the Lady Gwenthian?

Owen. Is come pie and pie, God't bge me Gwenthian
may put on your prauerie and fine linage, and scape not
Sir Owen, yes truly Gwenthian is come out pie and pie,
Man gras worthe whee cozen Marguesse, Man gras worthe
whee cozen Iulia, is welcome aful.

Pa. Ha ha welcome, come come Habaine appeare in
your likeness, or rather in the likeness of another, my Lord
Pare best send backe to your owne Cookes, if you meane
to set your teeth a worke to day.

Marq. Why Parnoz: what's the matter?

Pa. Why there's no matter in it, the fire's quencht, the
biquals giuen to beggers, Sir Owens Kitchin lookes like
the first Chaos, or like a Bokers stall, full of odde ends:
or like the end of some terrible battle, for vpon euery dees
set lyes legges and feathers, and heads of poore Capons
and wilde soule that haue bin drowne and quattered, and
now meurche that their earkasses are caried away: his
are not reformaticke, for there's no spitting heere lye fish
in a pittifull pickle, there standes the coffins of pyes,
wherein the dead bodies of birdes should haue been buri-
ed, but their ghostes haue forsaken their graues & walke
abroad: the best sport is to see the scullians, some laugh-
ing, some crying, & whilst they wipe their eyes they blacke
their faces, the Cookes curse her Lady, and some pray for
our Lord.

Marq. Sir Owen Meredith is all this true? (true.

Ow. True, it is true I warrant her pogs on her too

Ono. You tolde his Grace you had tam'd your wife,

Owen. By God is tell her a lye then, her wiue has pye.

die

Of patient Grisill.

dled & tau'd her indeed : cozen Marguesse because Grisfill
is made foole and turne away, Gwenthian mag soole of fir
owen : is good : ha, is good :

Gwen. Tis lye cozen Marguesse, is terrible lye : raw-
sone en Ennoh Cweule, tis lye, tis lye, fir Owen feare her
repatoes and ruffes, and pryde her Latie, & bid her hang
her selfe, but is pryde I warrant her, is not Sir O-
wen :

owe. Adologg whee bethogh en Thlonigh, en Moyen
due, Gwenthian.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh, ena wachagethla Tee.

Vrc. What sayes the fir Owen?

Owe. I pray & pray her for Gods loue be quiet, splate
her say her will not be quiet, do what Sir owen can : mon
due Gwenthian, Me knocke the pen, en vimpleth, pobe des,
and pobe nose.

Gwe. Gwerogh olcha velsagh whee, en herawgh, &c.

Iu. Stand betweene them fameze.

Far. You shall tob no nose heere,

Gwe. En herawgh Ee : me grauat the Legatee, achlan oth
pendee, adtoh ornymee on dictar, en hecar &c.

Ono. Doth the threaten you Sir owen : binde her to
the peace.

owe. By God is threaten her indeed, her saies shee'll
scradge out Sir owens eyes, and her scrowne vpon her, a
pogs on her nailes.

Marq. Oh my deare Grisfill, how much different

Art thou to this curst spirit heere, I say.

My Grisfills verturs shine Sir Meredith.

And Cozen Gwenthian come He haue you friends,

This dinner shall be sau'd and all shall say,

Tis done, because tis Gwenthians fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthian scawines to be scawdes, her Latie
will be waster Sir owen.

ov. By God ile see her Latie hang'd fir : cozen Ma-
guesse & cozens awl, pray say time & day heere, Kee shall

The pleasant Commodity

dresse more kiffels, and shall dine her in spite of her Ladies: God splude Rees Rees. Exit.

Ove. Will you? Is try that pie and pie: Steethe whee Jawer, Cozen Marguette Steethe whee Jawer Gentlemen, Gwenthian is not prided so soone. Exit.

Marq. He see the peare kept sure, doe what he can, I doubt his wife will preoue the better man. Exit.

Iul. Signior Mario you say nothing, how like you this interlude?

Mari. So well Madame, that I rather wish to play the begger, then a kinges part in it in Sir Owens ap-parrell.

Iul. Why this it is to be married, thus you see those that goe to wooc, goe to woe, oh for a Drum to summon all my louers, my suiters, my seruants together.

Fa. I appeare sweet mistress without summons.

Ouo. So does Onophrio.

Vrc. So does Vrcenre.

Iul. Signior Emulo I see will not bee seene without calling.

Fa. No faith Madame, he's blowne vp, no calling can serue him, hee has tane another manner o' calling vpon him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth.

Iul. If he follow that vocation well he'll pzoone wealthy in soot.

Vrc. He had need so: his head is very poore.

Fa. Well mistress wee appeare without drumming, what's your parley (and yet not so) your eyes are the drums that summons vs.

Vrc. And your beauty the colours we fight vnder.

Ouo. And the touch of your soft hand, armes vs at all pointes with deuotion to serue you, desire to obey you, and vowes to loue you.

Iul. Pay then in faith make me all souldier, mine eyes a drum, my beautie your colours, and my hand your armour: what becomes of the rest?

Fa. At

of patient Grisfil.

Far. It becomes vs to rest, before we come to the rest; yet for a neede we could turne you into an armourie: as for example, your li; s (let me see) no point of war for your lips: can I put them to no vse but kissing? oh yes, if you change them to shoote out vnkinde language to vs that stand at your mercie, they are two culuerins to destroy vs.

Iul. That ile trie: my tongue shall giue fire to my words presently.

All. Oh vniuersall mercifull faire Iulia.

Iul. Not I, would you haue mee pittie you and punish my selfe? would you wish me to loue: when loue is so full of hate: how vnlovely is loue: how bitter: how full of blemishes, my Lord and brother insults our Grisfil, that makes me glad, Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen, that makes you glad, Sir Owen is mastered by his Mistresse that makes you mad, poore Grisfil is martred by her Lord that makes you merrie, for I alwaies with that a woman may neuer meete better bargaines, when sheele thrust her sweet libertie into the hands of a man: eye vpon you, you're nothing but woo:metweed, and oake, and glasse: you haue bitter tongues, hard hearts, and bittie faith.

Ouo. Condemne vs not till you trye our loues.

Iul. Sweet seruant speake not in this language of loue, Gwenthyans peccishnes and Grisfils patience, make me heere to desie that Ape Cupid, if you loue stand vpon his latves, I charge you leaue it, I charge you neither to sigh for loue, nor speake of loue, nor sit alone for hate: if you sigh ile mocke you, if you speake ile stop mine eares, if you frowne ile bend my fist.

Far. When youle turne warriour in deede.

Iul. Had I not neede encountering with such enemies: but say will you obey and followe mee or disobay, and Ile sit you,

The pleasant Commodity

Ono. I obay since it is your pleasure.

Vre. I obay though I taste no pleasure in it.

Farn. I obay to, but so God helpe me mistress I shall
 Hely you a faire paire of heeles and erie a new Giltis a
 new, if any pittifull creature will haue me.

Iul. Better lost then found if you be so waucering.

Enter Marquesse, Lepido, Sir owen, Gwenthyan
 braue, and Furio.

Marq. Furio hie thee to olde Ianicolas,
 Charge him, his daughter Grissil, and his Sonne
 To come to Court, to doe such office,
 Of duetie to our marriage, as shall like
 Our state to lay vpon them.

Iul. Oh my Lord,

Her not pooze Grissill more, alas her heart,

Marq. Tut tut, ile haue my will and tame her pride,
 Ile make her be a seruant to my bride,
 Iulia Ile brydle her.

Iul. You doe her wrong.

Marq. Sister correct that errour, come Sir owen,
 Is not this better musick then your braueries?

ow. Yes as God vdg me is: how cozen Iulia, is out a erie
 friends now, Gwenthyan is laugh & be seric patience now
 Sir Owen kisse her Labie, a great teale now: see cle?

Far. I but Sir owen, the kissing her Lady is no muth
 to vs, if wee kisse the poste.

owe. Owe her cozen Marquesse has terrible mightie
 newes for: tell her, or els is made readie a great banquet at
 home for a wyl, pray come home, is a wyl ready for her, her
 Labie say not borpepe now: but first heare her cozen
 Marquesse newes.

Marq. Iulia and Gentlemen these are the newes,
 Brought on the wings of haile and happines,
 By trustie Lepido our endeared brother,
 Is hard at hand who in his companie,
 Brings my faire second choice a wondrous bride,

Attended

of patient Grisfill.

Attended by the States of Paulia,
 Sheres daughter to the Duke of Brandenburg,
 Now shall no subjects envious soule repine,
 And call her base whome now I will make mine,
 None shall bybraid me now, (as they haue done)
 That I will slay a daughter and a Sonne,
 Grisfills, two babes are dead, and kild by scoyne,
 But that faire issue that shall now be bozne
 Shall make a satisfaction of all wrongs.
 Come gentlemen we will goe meete this traine,
 Let euerie one put on a smiling browe,
 Sir Owen I will haue your company,
 And your's faire cozen: well remembred to,
 Bring your three wands Sir Owen to the Court,
 Though Gwenthyan looke with a smooother eye,
 He teach you how to win the soueraigntie.

Ow. Is glad of that, ha, ha, ha, tag heed of Iwande
 Lady,

Gwen. Tag heede of nailes knight,

Marq. We play the vnthrifts in consuming time,
 Though your curst wife make some afraid to woe
 Yet He woe once more and be married to.

Ow. God vudge me Sir Owen would hang before her
 marrie once more, if I were another Patcheler: marie
 vwe. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Laureo reading and Babulo with him.

Bab. Come I haue left my worke to see what mattes
 you mumble to your selfe, faith laureo I would you
 coulde leaue this latten, and sal to make baskets, you think
 tis enough if at dinner you tell vs a tale of Pignites, and
 then mounch by our viuals, but that sits not vs: or the
 historie of the well Helicon, & then drinke by our beere
 we cannot liue vpon it.

Lau. A Scholler doth disdain to spend his spirits,
 vpon such base implements as hand labours.

Bab. There

The pleasant Commodity

Ba. Then you should disdain to ease vs out of house & home: you stand all day peeping into an ambyle there, and talke of monsters and miracles, and countries to no purpose: befoze I fell to my trade I was a trauellet, and found moze in one yeare then you can by your poets and palties in seauen yeares.

Lau. What wonders hast thou scene, which are not heere?

Ba. Oh God, I pittie thy capacite good scholler: as a little wind makes a sweet ball smell, so a crumme of learning makes your trade p:oude: what wonders? wonders not of nine daies, but 1599. I haue scene vnder Iohn Prester and Tamer Cams people, with heds like Dogs.

Lau. Alas of such there are too manie heere,
All Italie is full of them that snarle,
And bay and barke at other mens abuse
Yet liue themselues like beastes in all abuse.

Bab. Its true I know manie of that complexion, but I haue scene many without heads, hauing their eyes nose and mouths in their bzeasts.

Lau. Whic thats no wonder, euerie streete with vs,
Swarmes full of such,

Ba. I could neuer see them.

Lau. Dost thou not see our wine-bellie drunkards reele?

Our fat fed gluttons wallow in the streetes,
Hauing no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but b:aineles scalpes, no sence to smell,
But where full feastes abound in all excessse
These Epimœi be our Epicures.

Ba. I haue sene monsters of that colour to: but what say you to them that haue but one leg, and yet will out run a horse?

Lau. Such are our banchrouts and our fugitives,
Scarfe hauing one good leg, or one good limbe,
But run their creditors, and those they wrong.

Bab. Was

Of patient Grisfill.

Ba. Was tis true there was a cripple in our village,
ran beyond Venice, and his Creditors with their best
legs could neuer since take him, but let me descend & grow
lower and lower, what say you to the litle litle Pigmies,
no higher then a boyes gig, and yet they tug & fight with
the long neckt Cranes.

Lau. Oh poore and wretched people are the Pigmies,
Oh rich oppressors the deuouring Cranes,
Within my fathers house Ile shew thee Pigmies,
Thou seest my sister Grisfill shee's a Pigmie.

Ba. Shee's a pretty little woman indeed, but too big
for a Pigmie.

Lau. I am a Pigmie.

Ba. Fye fye, worse and worse.

Lau. My olde fathers one.

Ba. No no no, Giants all.

Lau. The Marquesse is the rich deuouring Crane,
That makes vs lesse then Pigmies, worse then woymes.

Enter Ianicola with an Angling rod, Grisfill with a
reele, and Furio.

Ba. Ponder they come and a Crane with them.

Fur. Ianicola, leaue your fish-catching, and you your
reeling, you and you sirra you must trudge to Court
presently.

Ian. Must we againe be harried from content?
To liue in a more greiuous banishment.

Lau. He thinkes my Lord the Marquesse should bee
With mariage of another, and forbear, (pleas'd

With trumpets to proclaime this iniurie,
And to bere Grisfill with such lawlesse wrong,

cri. Tis no veration, for what pleaseth him,
Is the contentment of his hand-maides heart.

Fur. Will you goe?

Ian. Yes we will goe,

To flye from happines to finde out woe.

R

Ba. Good

The pleasant Commodity

Ba. Good Furio banish, we haue no appetite, tell your Master, Clownds are net for the Court, wee'll keepe Court our seines, for what doe Courtiers but wee doe the like: you eate good cheere, and wee eate good bread and cheefe: you drinke wine, and we strong beere: at night you are as hungry slaues as you were at none, why so are wee: you goe to bed, you can but sleepe, why and so doe wee: in the morning you rise about eleuen of the clocke, why there we are four betteres, for wee are going before you: you weare silkes, and wee sheepe-skinnes, innocence caries it away in the world to come, and therefore banish good Furio, torment vs not good my sweet Furio.

Fur. Alse Ile haue you snaffled,

Ba. It may be so, but then Furio Ile kicke.

Fu. Will you goe, or shall I force you?

Gri. You neede not, for Ile run to serue my Lord,
O, if I wanted legs, vpon my knees
Ile creepe to Court so I may see him pleas'd,
Then courage Father.

Ian. Well said patience,

Thy vertues arme mine age with confidence,
Come son, bond-men must serue, shall we away?

Lau. I, I, but this shall prooue a fatall day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake doe not wrong your selfe.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes when your wrongs cannot get remedy,
Hearene of me Laureo I that share most woe,
Am the least mou'd, father leane on mine arme,
Brother leade you the way, whilst wretched I
Topholde olde age, and cast downe miserie.

Fu. Away.

Ba. Didst thou haue fische faire & catcht a frog. Exeunt

Enter Marquesse, Paula Lepido, Onophrio, Vrcenzi,
Farnezi, and Mario.

Marq. Lords as you loue our State, affect our loues,
Like

Of patient Grisfill.

Like of your owne content, respect your liues,
 There vs no further, Gwalter is resolu'd,
 To marry the halfe heyre of Brandenburg,
 By brother Paul with no small expence,
 Hath brought the Princesse out of Germany,
 Together with Prince Gwalter her young brother,
 Now they are come, learne of the rising Sunne,
 Scatter the cloudy mists of discontent,
 As he disperceth vapours with his beames.

Paul. Brother, there is no eye but brightly shines,
 Gladnes doth lodge in your Nobles lookes,
 Nor haue they any cause to cloude their browes.

Enter Sir Owen, Gwentian, and Rees with wandes.

Paul. Oh heere comes Sir Owen, and my Lady patient,
 roome there.

Owen. Tardough Cozen Marquesse & Lazarus awl.

Mar. Welcome good cozen Gwentian, wil you please
 Goe in, and lend your presence to my bride?

Owe. Cozen, tis her intentions so to do, but I sweare
 and I were Grisfill, I would pull her eyes out, & she were
 as many Shermaines daughter as there be colwes in Cam-
 bria, and that is about twenty score and a litle more, you
 know Sir Owen?

Ow. Yes truly about a dozen more is warrant her.
 Marq. Grisfill is patient Madame, be you pleas'd.

Owen. Well, and the bee so baselies minded tis well,
 but I know what I know, Sir Owen heere thinks to
 make Gwentians so patience, for Owen tis awl in vaines,
 well I goe to her Brides.

Exit.

Ow. You prade and you taug Gwentians, but I made
 you put on parrels for awl your taug and prade: Rees,
 where's Rees bring the wandes heere Rees.

Re. They are heere sir, in the twinkling of an eye.

Owe. Cozen, when her weddinges are done and at leas-
 tures, I will leane your medicines to tame her wyes.

The pleasant Commodity

Marq. You shall among good Cozen Meredith.
Ow. Stand by Rees, walke in the halles among the
Seruingmans, hope her wandes till I call, heare you
now?

Enter Furio.

Ri. Yes Sir.

Exit.

Marq. Furio are Griffill and the other come?

Fur. Yes, they are come.

Marq. Are they imployed according to our charge?

Fu. They are.

Marq. How does her brother take it?

Fu. Ill.

Marq. How her Father?

Fu. Well.

Marq. How her selfe?

Fu. Better.

Marq. Furio, goe call out Griffill from the Wood.

Fu. I will.

Exit Furio.

Farn. It's pittie that fellow was not made a Soldier,
hee should haue but a word and a blow at his hands.

Enter Ianicola and Babulo carrying coales, Laureo with
wood, Griffill with wood.

Ba. Master goe you but vnder the Cole-staffe, Babu-
lo can beare all, staffe basket and all.

Ian. It is the Marquesse pleasure I must drudge,
Roade me I pray thee, I am bozne to beare.

Lau. But Ile no longer beare a logger head,
Thus Ile cast downe his rewell in dispight,
So, though my heart be sad, my shoulder's light.

Gri. Alas what doe you brother, see you not
Our dread Lord ponder: come perforce his will,
Oh in a subiect this is too too ill. (loades)

Marq. What mean'st thou fellow to cast downe thy

Lau. I haue cast downe my burthen not my load,
The load of your grosse wrongs lyes here like load.

Marq. What fellow is this?

Gri. Pome

Of patient Grisfill.

Gris. Your handmaid Grisfills brother,

Marq. Take him away into the Posters lodge,

Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaime,

On Gwalcers cursed acts and hated name. Exit. with Marq.

Marq. Grisfill Take you his load and beare it in.

Ba. Oh tiger minded monstrous Marquesse, make thy
Ladie a collier?

Marq. Whats that that villiane pates fo?

Bab. God blesse the noble Marquesse,

Marq. Sieha take you his coales, Grisfill depart,
Returne but beare that first, (at him.)

Gris. With all my heart. Exeunt. Gris. and Ba. grinning

Marq. Stay you Ianicola, I haue heard you sing,

Ian. I could haue sung when I was free from care.

Marq. What grief can in your aged bosome lie?

Ian. Griefe that I am vngratious in your eye,

Ba. Then would he not desire your company.

Enter Grisfill.

Marq. Ianicola here is a byrdall song,

Play you the Larke to greete my blessed sunne,

Grisfill are you return'd? play you the morning,

To leade forth Gratiana my bright byde:

Goe in and waite on her Ianicola,

Sing Hymeneus himmes, Musicke I say. Exit. Grisfill.

Ow, Tawfone Tawfone Cozens aul, and here harmonies
and sol facs.

The Song.

Song. Beautie arise, shew forth thy glorious shining,

Thine eyes feed Loue, for them he standeth pyning,

Honour and youth attend to doe their duetic,

To thee (their onely soueraigne) Beautie.

Beautie arise, whilst we thy seruants sing,

Loue to Hymen wedlocke iocund King,

Io to Hymen Io Io sing.

of wedlock, loue, and youth is Hymen King.

Beautie

The pleasant Commodity

Beauty arise, beauty arise, thy glorious lightes display,
Whillt we sing so, glad to see this day,

Io Io to Hymen Io Io sing,

Of wedlocke, loue, and youth is Hymen King.

Marq. Art thou as glad in soule as in thy song?

Ian. Who can be glad when he indureth wrong?

Ow. As God vudge me Ian Nicolas is honest man, hee
does not flatter and sembles, but tell his intentions: owe
more melodics, owe heere come her new pade.

Musicke sounds, enter Griffill alone, after her the Marquesse
Sonne and daughter, Iulia, Gwenthan and other
Ladies, and Mario and Furio.

Marq. Salute my beautilous loue.

All. All ioy betide to Gratiana our deare Marquesse
Bride.

Marq. Bring me a crowne of gold to crowne my loue,
A wreath of willow for despised Griffill.

Gri. Griffill is not despised in your eye,

Withence you name her name so gently.

Ow. Gwenthians there's wines, there's patient wines
owe fuh fuh is soles, Tawfone is arrant pebie soles.

Marq. Griffill place you this crowne upon her head,
But these inbrodered slippers on her feete.

As well, deliuer me your wedding ring,

Cirle her finger with it, now stand by,

Art thou content with all?

Gri. Content with all.

Marq. By Bride is Crown'd, now tell me all of you,
Which of you euer saw my loue before?

What is her name, her birch, place, or estate.

Lep. Will now I neuer behelpe her beautil.

Ow. No? I. Vrc. Trust me no? I.

Far. By my troth no? I.

Mari. We heere that she was borne in Germany,
And halfe heere to the Duke of Brandenburg.

Marq. You

Of patient Grisfill.

Marq. You all heare this, and all thinke this:

All. We doe.

Marq. When Fu. stand thou sooth, Lords in his brest
Aloyall seruants true soule doth rest,
Furio shall be apparelled in a robe.

Fur. I shall not become it.

Marq. Some that are great put robes on Parasites,
Mario, Lepido come you two hither,
Are not you richly clad? haue I done so?

Both. What meanes your grace by this?

Marq. Gracelesse, haue done,
Truth, sildome diuels in a still talking tongue,
Furio bring Laureo from the Porters lodge,
Take in Ianicola, and cloath them both
In rich abilliments, they shall awhile
Be flattered with false fortunes wanton smiles.

Ia. Fortune can do no more then she hath done,
They th. it are markt to woe, to woe must run. Exit Furio

Marq. How doe you like my Wife? & Ianicola.

Gri. I thinke her blest.

To haue the loue of such a noble Lord.

Marq. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed I speake the truth,
Onely I prostrately beseech your grace,
That you consider of her tender yeares,
Which as a flower in spring may soone be nipt,
With the least frost of colde aduersity.

Marq. Why are not you then nipt? you stil seeme fresh
As if aduersities colde Ipe hand,
Had neuer laide his fingers on your heart.

Gri. It neuer toucht my heart, aduersity
Diuels still with them that diuels with misery,
But milde content hath eas'd me of that yoke,
Patience hath borne the burie and I the stroke.

Enter Furio, Ianicola, and Laureo, striding
about attyre,

La. Gue

The pleasant Commodity

Lau. Giue him his filkes they shal not touch my back

Marq. What strife is there, what aileth Laureo?

Lau. I will not weare proud trappings like a beast,
Yet hourely feele the scornfull riders spurre,

Marq. Cloth olde lanicola in rich attires,

Ian. Doe, load me, so; to beare is my desire.

Marq. Doe ye repine, may then ile bet you more;

Grissill I will receiue this second wife
From none but from thy hands: come giue her mine,

Gril. I heere present you with an endlesse blisse,
Rich honour, beauntious vertue, vertuous youth,
Long liue my Lord with her contentedly.

Owe. Harg patience there Gwenthyan see you thade?

Marq. Grissill dost thou deliuer me this maide,
As an untainted flower which I shall keepe,
Despite of enuies canker, till the rust,
Of all consuming death finish her life?

Gril. I doe my deare Lord, and as willingly
As I deliuered vp my maiden youth.

Marq. What saies lanicola?

Ia. I say but thus,

— Great men are Gods, and they haue power oze vs,

Marq. grissill hold fast the right hand of my bride,
Thou weast a willow wreath and she a crowne,
True bride take thou the crowne and she the wreath,

Mari. O gracious Lord you doe mistake your selfe.

Marq. Peace peace, thou Siccophant Grissil receiue
Large interests for thy leue and sufferance.

Thou gau'lt me this faire maide, I in exchange,
Returne thee her: and this young Gentleman
Thy Sonne and daughter kisse with patience,
And breathe thy vertuous spirit into their soules.

Owe. Owe Sir Owen marg you now, the man is ree-
ded to her Latie, leene now Sir owen learne, learne
Knight your ductie, see you thade?

Marq. Why stands my wonged Grissil thus amazed?

Gril. Joy,

Of patient Grisill.

Cris. Joy feare, 'oue hate, hope doubts incompaſſie me:
Are theſe my child:en I ſuppoſed ſaine?

Ia. Are theſe my nephewes that were murder'd?

— Gri. Bleſſing diſtill on you like morning dew,
My ſoule knit to your ſoules, knowes you are mine.

Ma. They are, & I am thine: Lords loke not ſtrange,
Theſe two are they, at whoſe birthes enuies tongue,
Darted enuie's ſting, theſe are the fruite
Of this moſt vertuous tree, that multitude,
That many headed beaſtes, nip't their ſweet hearts,
With wrongs, with bitter wrongs, al you haue wrong'd
My ſelfe haue done moſt wrong, for I did try (her,
To breake the temper of true conſtancie:
But theſe whom all thought murder'd are aliue,
My Griſill liues, and in the booke of Fame,
All wordes in golde ſhall regiſter her name.

Ic. Mar. Goſt dreade'd Lord.

Marq. Ariſe ſtatterers get you gone, Exeunt Icg. Ma.
Pour ſoules are made of blacke conſuſion.
Father Ianicola.

Ia. Oh pardon me,
Though dunbe betwixt my griefe and ioy I be.

Marq. Who ſtands thus ſad, what brother lauro:
eau. Pardon me my gracious Lord, for now I ſee,
That Schollers with weake eyes, poze on their bookes,
But want true ſoules to iudge on Haieſt:
None elſe but Kings can know the hearts of Kings,
Hence forth my pride ſhall fly with humbler wings.

Marq. Dur pardon and our loue circle thes round,
Let's all to banquet, mirth our cares conſound.

Ow. Hold:, holde, holde, banquet: if you banquet ſo,
Sir Owen is like to haue theere, her Latie heere is cog a
hoope now at this, pray Cozen keepe your promiſe, Rees
the wandes Rees, your medicines and fine frigs to tame
thiues.

Marq. Furio where be the wandes that I bound vp?

U

Fur. Heere

The pleasant Commedy

Fur. Heere my Lord.

Marq. I wzeath'd them then sir Owen, and you see
They still continue so, wzeath you these three.

Ow. Owe winde them, yes is winde them and mag
good mightie cudgell, to tame and knog her Latie, and
she prawle, o, erie, o, giue pzeade and m-eate to peggere,
o, teare pendes, by God is well remembred too, Cozen
you promit'd to helpe her to her Duckeggs, for all her pa-
per and pendes is tozne?

Mar. And I will keep my promise, wzeath your wands

Owen. Owe Gods lid mine is stubberne like Owen-
chians, Gods plude see it pzeakes in snip snap peeces, what
now Cozen?

Marq. But cozen these you see did gently boive,
I tride my Grissils patience when twas greene,
Like a young Olier, and I moulded it
Like ware to all impressions: married men
That long to tame their wiues must curb them in,
Besofe they need a byidle, then they'll pzooue
All grissils full of patience, full of loue,
Pef that olde tryall must be tempered so,
Least seeking to tame them they master you.

Owen. By God is true as Bistle and Gospel, oh true
out a cry.

Marq. But you Sir Owen giuing her the head,
As you gaue liberty to those thye wandes,
Shes'll bzeake as those doe, if you bend her now,
And then y'are past all helpe, for if you striue,
Pou'll gaine as gamesters doe that sldome thziue.

owe. What shall doe to her Latie then: is pest run a-
way cozen, o, knog her bzaines out: for is as saliant as
Mars if I be anger.

Iul. That were a shame eyther to run away from a
woman, o, to strike her, your best Whitticke Sir Owen, is
to weare a veluet hand, leaden eares, and no tongue, you
must not fight holoseuer the quarrels, you must be deafe
when

Of patient Grissill.

Whensoever she brabbes, and dumbe when your selfe
should brabble: take this talbe next your heart every
morning, and if your wife be not patient, the next reme-
dy that I know is, to buy your winding sheete.

Gwe. Cozen Marquesse, cozen Iulia, and Lawds and
Ladies all, it shall not need as her cozen has tryed Grissill,
so Gwenthian has Sir Owen.

Ow. Owe, by God is thought should pull her downe,
ah ha.

Gwe. Is not pul'd downe neither, but Sir Owen shall be
her head, and is forry has anger her head and irag if ake,
but pray god he might be not proude & triumph too much &
treade her Latic downe, God vdge mee will tag her will
againe doe what her can.

Ow. By God is loue her out a cry now, Sir Owen could
tame her before, but Brittilsh ploude stalwines to fide w
Ladies, yes faith scoynes out a cry, a pogs out tis nought:
Gwenthian shall no moze be call'd Gwenthian but patient
Grissill, ah ha is.

Marq. Our toyes are compleate, for ward to our feast;
Patience hath won the prize and now is blest.

Iul. Nay brother your pardon awhile: besides our
selues thre are a number here, that haue behelde Grissills
patience, you owne tryals, and Sir Owens sufferance,
Gwenthians frowardnes, these Gentlemen louertine, and
my selfe a hater of loue: amongst this company I trust
there are some mayden batchelers, and virgin maydens,
those that liue in that freedome & loue it, those that know
the war of marriage and hate it, set their hands to my bill,
which is rather to dye a mayde and leade Apes in hell,
then to liue a wife and be continually in hell.

Gwen. Iulia by your leaues a litle while, you taug and
you prable about shidings in marriages, and you abuse
yong mens and damfels, & fraide them from good sportes
and honozable states: but heare you now, a w! that bee
sembled heere, know you that discord's mag good mu-

The pleasant Commodity

sicke, and when loners fall out is soone fall in, and tis good
you knaw: pray you al be married, for twedlocke increases
peobles and cities, awl you then that haue husbands that
you would pridle, set your hands to Gwenthians pill, for tis
not fit that poore womens should be kept alwaies vnder.

Marq. Since Iulia of the maides, and Gwenthian
Of stroward wiues, intreate a kinde applaude,
See Grissill among all this multitude,
Who will be friend to gentle patience?

Ow. Ha ha ha, Grissill is weary, pray let sir owen speake
Grissill is patient, and her rozen is patient, therefore is
sprage for two, Gods plude you see her Latie is spride of
buffrie, yet sir owen tame her and teare her ruffes, & mag
her cry and put ou her parrels, and say is sozry Sir owen,
marg that well: if sir owen was not patient, her Latie
had not beene pridled, if Grissill had not beene patient her
rozen Marquesse had not been pridled: well now if you
loue sir owens Latie, I hobe you loue sir owen too, or is
grow mighty angry, sir owen loue you as God vdge mee
out a cry, a terrible teale, doe you heare now, then pray
awl that haue crabbed husbands and cannot mend them,
as Grissills had, and awl that haue firen wiues, and yet is
tame her well enough as sir owen does, & awl that haue
scoldes as sir owen does, and awl that loue faire Laties
as sir owen does, to sed her two hands to his pill, and by
God shall haue sir owens heart and soule in his pellic: and
so God saue you all. Man gras wortha whee, Man gras wor-
tha whee. God night Cozens awl, Exeunt.



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